

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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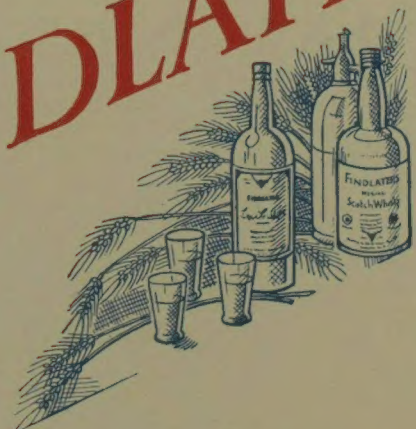
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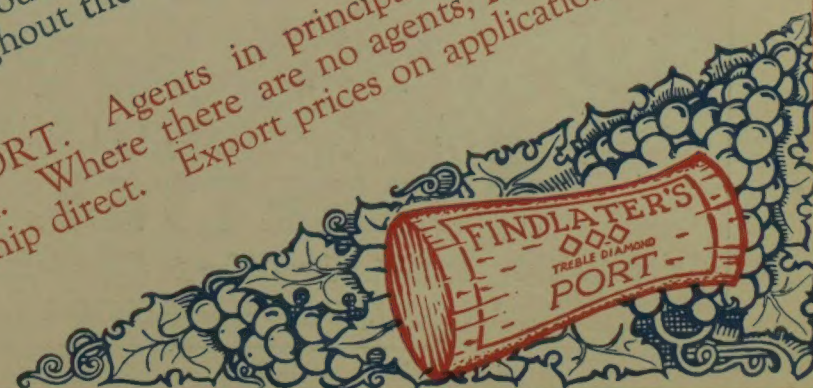


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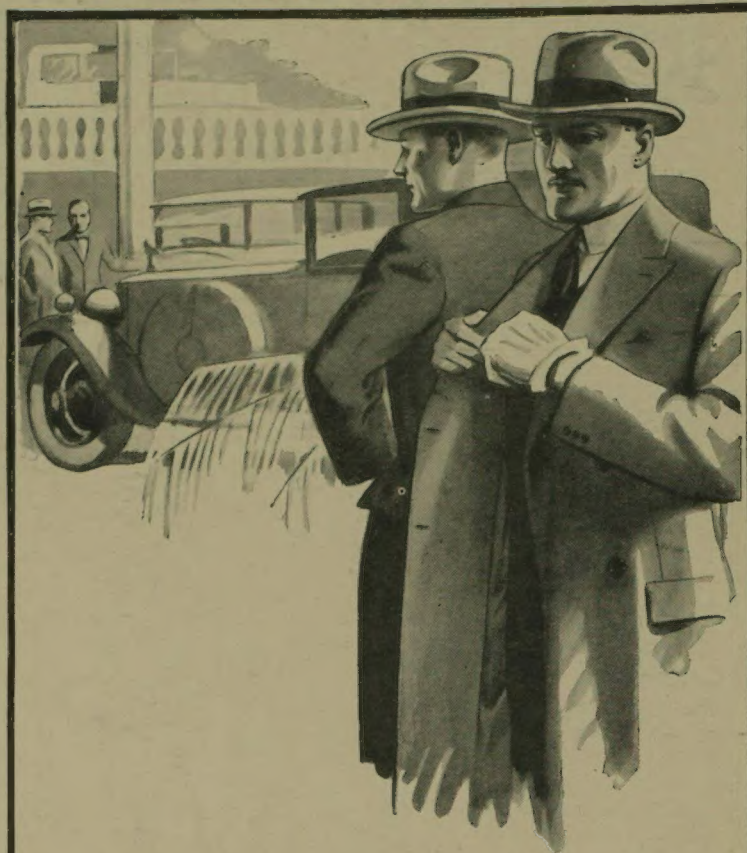
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1929.

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TURKEY TAKES TO "ALL THAT EVER WENT WITH EVENING DRESS": MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA DANCING WITH HIS ADOPTED DAUGHTER ON HER WEDDING DAY.

The social side of official life in Turkey, as our illustration shows, has become completely "Westernised" under the energetic reforming zeal of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the President of the Turkish Republic. This interesting photograph was taken at a ball given recently at his house on the occasion of the wedding of his adopted daughter, Nebile Hanim, to Rachid Bey, Secretary of the

Turkish Embassy at Vienna. The Ghazi Pasha, as the President is called, is shown opening the ball by dancing with the bride. In the matter of costume, both feminine and masculine, the scene might be accepted as a perfect example of what Kipling had in mind when he wrote of "all that ever went with evening dress."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE just received an American paper, apparently of the Baptist persuasion, which contains a furious denunciation of me for my celebrated slander on Abraham Lincoln. And this is odd, as the poet said; because I was under the strong impression that I had written a eulogy on Abraham Lincoln. It so happens that I have a particular enthusiasm for Lincoln; and I endeavoured to state, in these columns, the real reasons for admiring him, and the real things in which he was admirable. But apparently all the things that I think admirable the Baptist critic thinks abominable, and *vice versa*. So deep are the moral divisions in this happy age of the union of all creeds and nations.

I will start with one simple and yet curious example. I said that Lincoln had the sort of mind that does not really bother about Progress or the spirit of the age. Whether or no this be a fact, I need hardly say that it was meant as a compliment. I meant that he thought for himself and had independent and indestructible convictions, unaltered by fashion and cant. But the American critic actually regards my remark as a mortal insult to his ideal Lincoln. He declares passionately that Lincoln *was* affected by Progress. He affirms, trembling with indignation, that Lincoln *was* controlled by the spirit of the age. Most extraordinary of all, he actually quotes in favour of Lincoln something that Lincoln said against himself: when he modestly observed that "he had not controlled events, but been controlled by them." It is perfectly possible that Lincoln said this, in a humorous sort of humility and self-disparagement. But I do not see why, because he disparaged himself, his almost idolatrous adorer is bound to disparage him. Certainly I do not see why the critic should disparage him in so damaging a style as this. I am pretty sure that Lincoln would not have been controlled by events, or even by the spirit of the age, where *ideas* were concerned. I do not believe he would have admitted that Slavery was right, if the South had won the War and the slave States had prospered ten times more than the free.

The next point that I should like to have cleared up is this. The critic is very much horrified at my suggesting that Lincoln was any more tolerant or liberal than the critic himself on the subject of strong drink. He owns that Lincoln once lifted a whisky barrel and took what he (the critic) delicately calls "a sip." Unless I am much mistaken in Abe, he had rather too good a sense of humour to take a sip. But that is a trivial matter, and I will leave on one side all charges of intemperance against Abe; all the more readily because I never brought any. The case is very different touching charges of intemperance against Grant. And it is here that I wish to understand clearly on what basis I am expected to argue. For the Baptist critic repeatedly reviles me for daring

to suggest such things about so historic a hero as the great Northern conqueror of the South. Am I to understand that the critic contradicts flatly all the accepted evidence that Grant, that great soldier, certainly did drink whisky rather well than wisely? Or am I to understand that, even if he did, historians are to hide it for ever, because he was a General and a President, and the country has gone Prohibitionist? I never said anything else against Grant except that he drank rather freely; because I willingly admit that there is not much else to be said. Nor do I consider it a very horrible charge against him. Nor did Abraham Lincoln. Does the critic deny the words of Lincoln himself, who went so far as to say that habitual drunkards compare well with other people in many or most important respects? If the critic is shocked at my words, he must be much more shocked at Lincoln's. I shudder to think what he

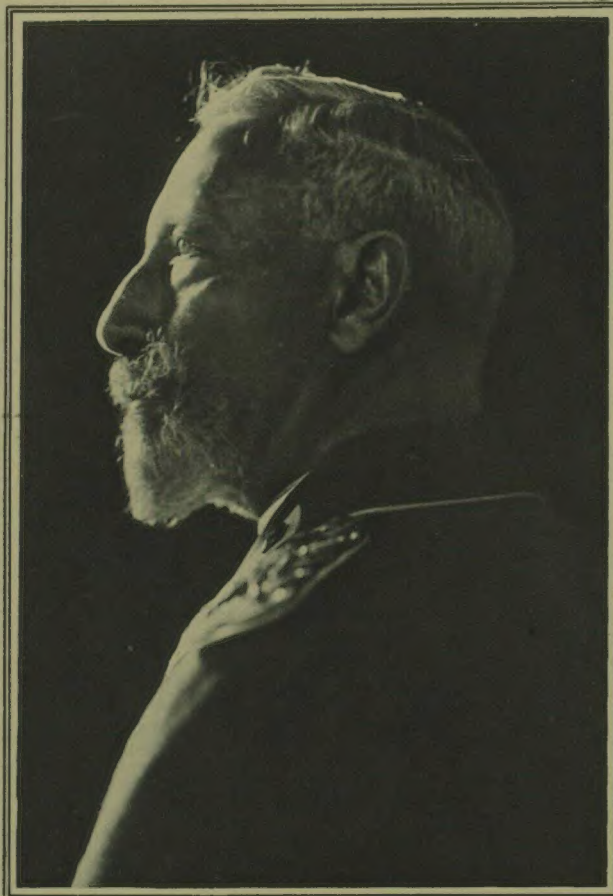
a genius or fails at everything; that there was in him not a little of the unworldly weaknesses of the artist or the loafer, as shown in many such strange incidents as his absence from his own wedding. I do not claim to be an expert on the details of his biography, but some of these facts are universally known; some I found in a recent and responsible American Life of Lincoln; and the critic had better fight it out with the American biographer rather than with me.

But the point of the thing is this: that I thought it was a compliment to consider Lincoln unworldly; but the critic, in his heart, really thinks it a compliment to consider him worldly. That is where there is a real difference between his moral philosophy and mine. If the words "worldly" and "unworldly" do not convey the same meaning to

him as to me, or if they seem far-fetched in relation to what I said, I will willingly substitute the words "success" and "failure." When I say that Lincoln was a man who easily might have been a failure, very nearly was a failure, and in some ways actually remains a failure, I mean it as in the case of poets or martyrs. But the critic cannot bear to think that his hero was not a success, and bound to be a success, and satisfied with being a success; as in the case of magnates and millionaires. He cannot bear to think that his hero was not a Go-getter, a Booster, a Best-Seller, a Bright Salesman, and a Man Born to Succeed. I can only say that it is not my impression of Lincoln that he was like that.

The important thing to realise here, much more important than his article or mine, is that we really are becoming divided in moral ideals. I am sure

that my critic is quite sincere in his hero-worship; just as I am quite sincere in mine. What is to me extraordinary beyond words is the implied system of tests, which he applies to a hero. He wishes to show that Lincoln was more heroic than I had represented him; and the following seem to be the essential qualities that go to constitute a truly heroic figure. First, he must be a teetotaler; or, as I should say, he must be a Moslem rather than a Christian on the moral problem of wine. Second, he must take very seriously the business of getting on in this world, prospering in his profession and obtaining the solid rewards this world has to give. Third, he must worship Progress or the Spirit of the Age; which can only mean (so far as I can make any sense of it) that he must allow his own conscience and conviction to be twisted into any shapes that the pressure of the present state of politics and society may tend to produce. I do not think any of these things especially admirable; I do not think any of them even reasonably arguable; and I do not think any of them any more characteristic of Lincoln than of Lee or Bayard or Joan of Arc, or any hero or heroine in history.



"DIE ENGLANDERIN'S" SON, WRITER OF THE PREFACE TO THE GERMAN EDITION OF "LETTERS OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK": THE EX-KAISER—AS WAR LORD AND AS THE EXILE OF DOORN.

It will be remembered that the ex-Kaiser objected strongly to the publication of "Letters of the Empress Frederick," edited by Sir Frederick Ponsonby, which was reviewed in our issue of November 3 last. Indeed, he made a last-moment effort to have the work suppressed, here if possible, but certainly in Germany. Now the German edition of the book has been issued, and the ex-Kaiser has written a Preface for it, a defensive foreword in which he discusses his mother's character and her political views.

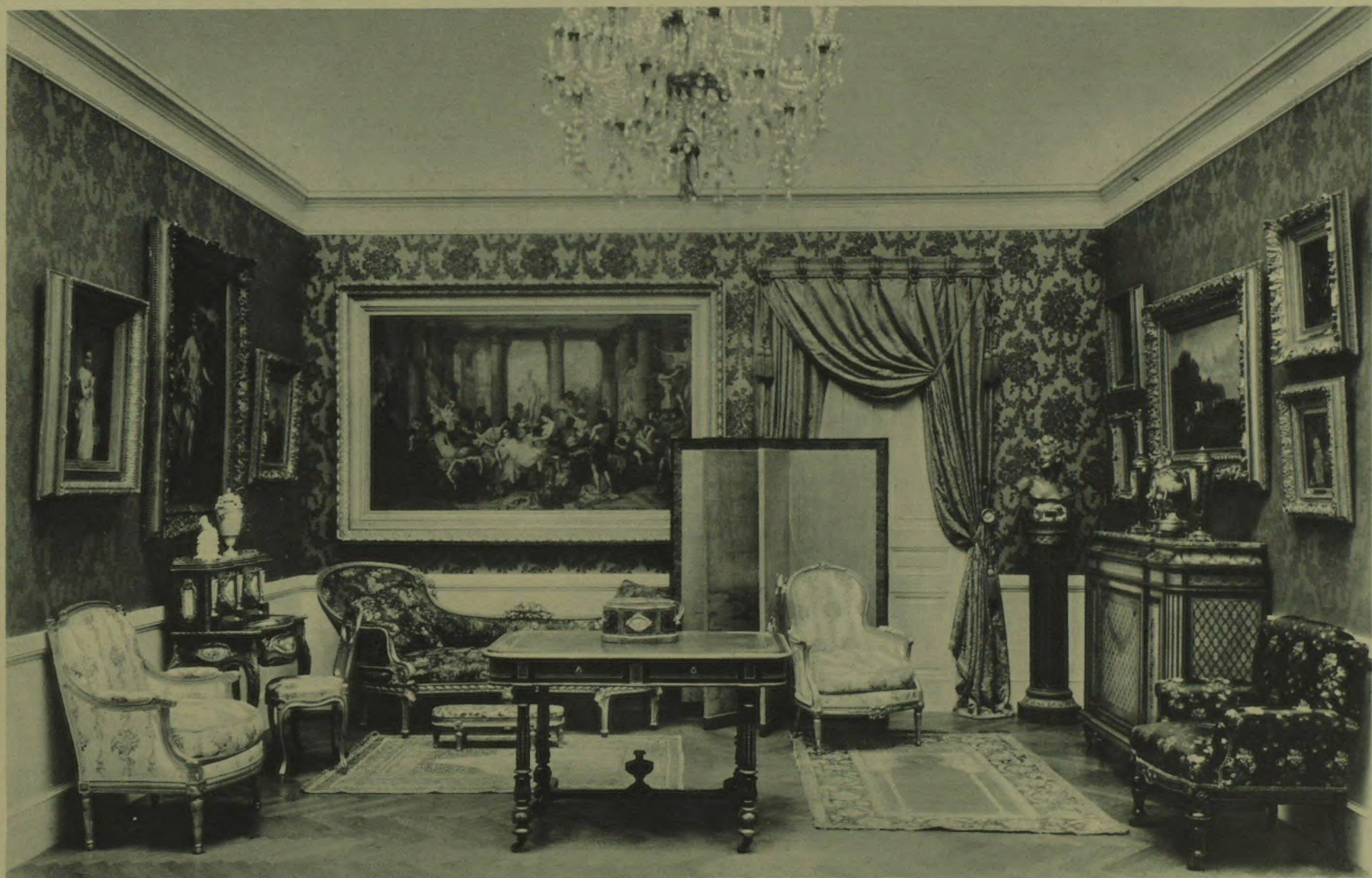
would say of some remarks of my friend Mr. Christopher Hollis, in a paragraph beginning "The fascinating question of when General Grant was drunk and when sober," and proceeding to say that he was probably sober at Appomattox, but almost certainly drunk at Shiloh; that he afterwards, on reaching the Presidency, took some sort of teetotal pledge; and concluding with the words, "It is enough to add that he was a very good General and a very bad President."

Such playfulness, however, is not for the Baptist critic, nor for me when I am criticising him. I do not think drunkenness a commendable quality; but I do not think it the one specially and supremely damnable one. And that is where we come to the real difference between this American critic and myself. And that difference becomes clearer when we reach the third of his complaints against me. I stated my strong impression, from what I have read of the life of Lincoln, that he was emphatically not the type of the mere self-made man who sticks to one trade and succeeds; that there was a great deal in him of the erratic genius who either succeeds as

AKIN TO LANSDOWNE HOUSE EXHIBITS: VICTORIAN "PERIOD" ROOMS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.

WITH A
"GIDDY"
WALL-PAPER
AS
BACKGROUND
FOR EARLY
VICTORIAN
ROSEWOOD
FURNITURE
OF THE
LOUIS-PHILIPPE
PERIOD:
A ROOM
REPRESENTING
ROMANTICISM
AND THE
REACTION
FROM NEO-
CLASSICISM
IN 1830-1848.



WITH WALLS PAPERED IN "CHERRY-RED" AND CROWDED WITH GILT-FRAMED PICTURES: A TYPICAL VICTORIAN ROOM CONTEMPORARY WITH THE FRENCH SECOND EMPIRE, DURING A VOGUE FOR ANTIQUARIANISM AND COLLECTING ORIENTAL AND PERIOD PIECES.

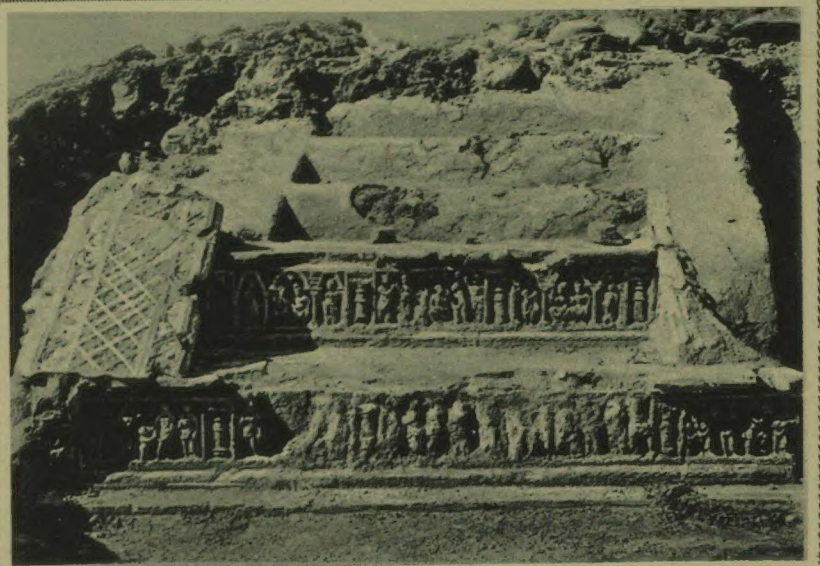
These photographs present interesting material for comparison with the Victorian section of the Exhibition of English Art, from Tudor to modern times, recently opened at Lansdowne House. Some of the tapestries and embroideries there exhibited, we may note, were illustrated in our last issue. The above photographs show two of six alcoves, furnished in Victorian style of different dates, in a gallery devoted to the nineteenth-century decorative arts at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. Describing the upper subject, the Museum's "Bulletin" says: "A giddy wall-paper in blue, grey, and tan forms a character-

istic background for the rosewood furniture and other examples of the household arts of the period of Louis Philippe (1830-48) and of the early years of the reign of Queen Victoria. Opposite is the alcove (here the lower subject) representing the antiquarian trend of the decorative arts in the second half of the nineteenth century. Walls hung with flock-paper of brightest cherry-red, and crowded with gilt-framed pictures, provide a typical setting for the 'period' furniture popular in the Second Empire and later. The collecting mania is exemplified by the oriental carpets and the Japanese screen."

A MYSTERY OF AFGHANISTAN'S PAST: DISCOVERIES OF BUDDHIST STUPAS SHOWING HELLENISTIC INFLUENCE.



REPRESENTING
AN EPISODE
IN THE LIFE OF
BUDDHA: A
FRAGMENT OF
HIGH RELIEF
SCULPTURE
FOUND AT
HADDA,
AFGHANISTAN.
(SIZE INDICATED
BY A
WORKMAN'S
HAND—
TOP LEFT.)



A BACCHIC SCENE AMONG SCULPTURES RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN AFGHANISTAN
A THIRD-CENTURY STAIRCASE CARVED IN RELIEF WITH VARIOUS EPISODES.

"MOST interesting excavations," says a French writer, "have been made in Afghanistan by the French expedition directed (in 1925) by M. Alfred Foucher, aided by an eminent architect, M. André Godard, and since by M. J. Barthoux. King Amanullah gave the French the monopoly of excavations in the whole country for three years. In two seasons the expedition had collected an astonishing amount of valuable and interesting objects. Some are exhibited at the Guimet Museum, where the galleries devoted to them were opened recently by the French President. The excavations took place at Hadda, midway on

[Continued below.]



A GREEK ELEMENT IN BUDDHIST SCULPTURES FOUND IN AFGHANISTAN: AN ALLEY
OF STUPAS, SHOWING (ON RIGHT) ATLANTEAN SUPPORTING FIGURES RECALLING THE
TEMPLE OF DIONYSOS AT ATHENS.



CLASSICAL DRAPERY IN BUDDHIST SCULPTURE RECENTLY EXCAVATED
IN AFGHANISTAN: A CELL WITH A CENTRAL STUPA AND FIGURES
OF WALKING BUDDHAS AGAINST THE WALLS.

DATING FROM
THE THIRD
CENTURY A.D.:
A STUPA
ADORNED WITH
RELIEF
FIGURES OF
BUDDHAS
AND
BODHISATTVAS
ALONG THE
SIDES OF
THE
STRUCTURE.



[Continued.]

the Indo-Afghan frontier, at the end of the Kabul Valley. M. Barthoux marked about fifty ancient sites, but only thirteen have been excavated. It was difficult work owing to the mullahs, who excited the population because there were many tombs in the district held in veneration. Many places were pillaged, and even members of the expedition were nearly poisoned. When the first statues were excavated, the Afghan Government was notified that they would have to be properly guarded, but before any adequate steps could be taken, ignorant and covetous vandals plundered everything, destroying some of the finest figures to obtain

what seemed to them of commercial value. Altogether the French expedition found no fewer than 6000 statues and statuettes, and excavated 500 of those structures known as *stupas*, which had been—at any rate the largest amongst them—the centre of a Buddhist establishment. A large *stupa*, if formed into a sanctuary, is isolated by an enclosure, the general plan of which seems to have been inspired by ancient Greek or Roman fortresses. Alongside were rows of small *stupas* of a similar design. Their purpose was funerary. The ornamental Buddhas are sometimes replaced by crouching Atlantes, or by a file of Cupids bearing an

[Continued opposite.]

WHEN DID GREEK ART ENTER AFGHANISTAN? PUZZLING DISCOVERIES.



OF SCYTHIAN
TYPE:
A HEAD
OF A THIRD
CENTURY
ASCETIC
FOUND IN
AFGHANISTAN.



A TYPE
RECALLING
MEDIEVAL
ROMAN
STATUES:
A FOURTH
CENTURY
HEAD FROM
AFGHANISTAN.



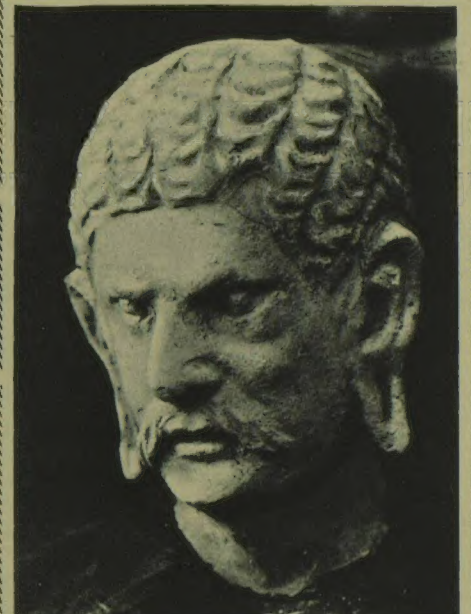
AN APOLLONIAN TYPE OF THE FIRST
CENTURY B.C. RECALLING STATUES OF
ALEXANDER: A DIVINITY THROWING
FLOWERS TO BUDDHA.



IN A PHRYGIAN CAP WORN OVER A HIGH
CHIGNON: A REMARKABLE HEAD OF A
YOUNG SCYTHIAN BARBARIAN.



REMINISCENT OF THE ART OF GUIDO MAZZONI:
A LIFE-SIZE HEAD OF THE THIRD CENTURY FROM
AFGHANISTAN.



WITH DISTENDED EAR-LOBES: A HEAD OF
A BARBARIAN, PROBABLY A GAUL, AMONG
THE AFGHAN DISCOVERIES.



DISCOVERED IN AFGHANISTAN: FIGURES
DESCRIBED AS SPIRITS FROM A SCENE
IN BUDDHA'S LIFE.



A BODHISATTVA (MUTILATED) SITTING BESIDE HIS SLEEPING
WIFE; AND A GROOM HANDING HIM HIS CAP: HIGH RELIEF ON
A STUPA DOME FOUND AT HADDA, IN AFGHANISTAN.



A FUR-CLAD DEMON APPROACHING BUDDHA
IN SUPPLICATION: A FRAGMENT FROM
A TEMPTATION SCENE FOUND AT HADDA.

Continued.

enormous wreath of leaves. Inside the few opened were found funeral vases with the remains of bones, coins, and fragments of papyrus. Some had a miniature staircase. In the walls are deep embrasures used as chapels. At the end of these was a throne draped, and bearing a contemplative Buddha. On either side of him statues of divinities, spirits, benefactors, zealots, and so on, of various sizes, but perfectly executed. Sometimes the throne was replaced by a walking Buddha, and from the walls divinities emerged. One of them, of a fine Apollonian type, recalls certain statues of Alexander. In his raised toga are flowers, which he

throws to Buddha with his other hand. The Hellenistic character of the discoveries shows a complete independence of Hindu influence. It is impossible to believe that they are the work of natives or due to the importation of Alexandrians or Romans. Greek artists must have come into the country, and Hadda must have been their centre. The objects discovered are interesting also from the point of view of ancient ethnography, as they show types of barbarians—Scythians, and others—with precise details of costume and hair-dressing. At what date Greek artists entered Afghanistan is a mystery. The problem of Hadda still remains to be solved."

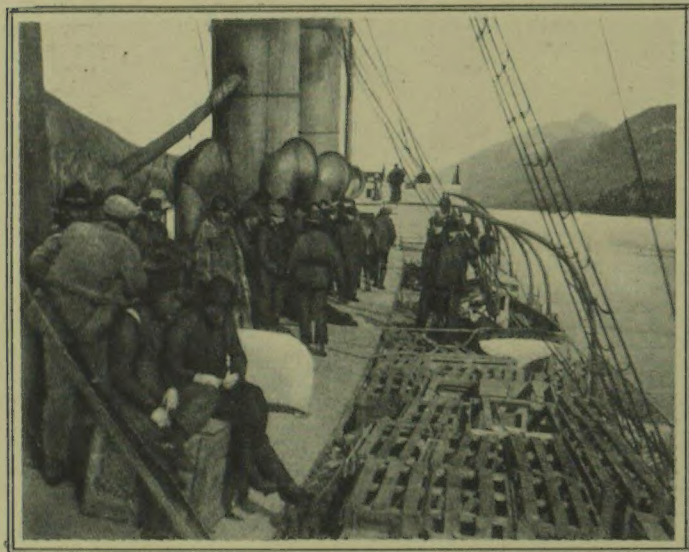
"MUSH ON!" THE TRAIL IN '98:

MY KLONDYKE EXPERIENCES. By NESTA McDONALD.

The Editor has kindly asked me for a little introduction to my article below; so briefly, and with pleasure, I bow.

I was born near enough to the famous Minster of York City for the beautiful chimes ringing out the mid-night hour to be heard one night in September in the year 1880. My "bringing-up" was just normal, and I loved "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Swiss Family Robinson" so much that I hid them from my brother, to whom they belonged, and often got my "pigtails" pulled for doing so. I lost my dear father about this time, but a kind aunt, who liked to have "bright young things about her," often begged my mother the loan of me. At a little over seventeen, Aunt Em took me to London, and here I met Robert, one of the great Clan McDonald, and a mining engineer who for some few years had been with the Barnato House in South Africa. The new discovery of gold in the Far North fired his blood, and so he came to England and London, where we met. A month later I was married, and so started out on two great adventures the same day, for we set sail for Victoria, B.C., on January 8, "en route" to the greatest "mush on" trail in the history of mankind.—NESTA McDONALD.

THOSE wild, hustling, throbbing days of early '98, when the cry of "Klondyke or burst!" was heard from Pole to Pole! Then lawyers, doctors, clergymen, men of title, and young hopefuls to such; boys, men, old men of every profession and trade under the sun, became infected with the fever of adventure and the lure of fortunes from frozen earth in the white land way up North. "Klondyke or burst!"—did any household in the world



"OUR REAL DOINGS BEGAN ON BOARD THE S.S. 'ISLANDER,' BOUND FOR SKAGWAY VIA FORT WRANGEL": GOLD-SEEKERS, WITH THEIR DOGS IN CRATES, ON DECK DURING THE VOYAGE TO WRANGEL.

Photograph reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of May 21, 1898.

miss a thrill from that magic call? Even the deaf, lame, and blind made supreme efforts to join the mad, excitable folk, and so come in for a share of the enormous wealth hidden beneath the snows of a virgin land.

Those were the days, and our real doings began on board the s.s. *Islander*, bound for Skagway via Fort Wrangel. It was a full ship, packed from stem to stern with a cargo of eager, motley humans, dogs, horses, and freight of every description. A negro band played incessantly all the popular songs of the day—"A Hot Time in the Old Town," and "Ah, Ah, Ah, Klondyke" being the favourites. They emphasised the "T's" in gleeful good humour as they sang the former. Not that we needed cheering; we were merry and irresponsible, and certain that some of that three hundred thousand square miles of gold-bearing ground (*vide* Press) would soon be our own. The seas ran terribly heavy, and the boat rolled alarmingly. Down dipped starboard into the sea, throwing us all heavily to the floor. Creaking and groaning she made an effort to right herself, only again to ship the heaviest, wickedest seas I have ever seen. "Capsize!" mingled with prayers and oaths, ran through the ship quicker than the choicest bit of scandal. Men were betting which way the *Islander* would roll to doom. Terrified dogs and frightened horses madly strained the leash that held them tethered to the lower deck; mad, drenched creatures they were, as they tried to break loose, only again to batter against the iron railing. At last the captain managed to get the boat into a small inlet. There we lay to anchor three days, until the fury of the storm had spent itself.

The cold, dreary island Fort Wrangel was reached safely at last, and those of us—much in the minority—who had chosen the "All Red Line," as the Stikine-Teslin route was called, found ourselves dumped down here upon a frozen, snowclad fraction of British soil—the most inhospitable spot in the world. There were no hotels—even of sorts—just one or two "bunk-houses," where berths could be hired so much per night. You took your choice of sleeping (?) in one of these bunks, sharing the room with twenty or thirty men, or remaining all night under a starless sky. Bob and I chose the latter from choice, but a

few others did the same from necessity, for the houses were full up.

We spread our Klondyke robes—which were made of strong, waterproof canvas, fur-lined and blanket-lined, and in the shape of a long, tubular bag—upon the frozen ground. These bag-beds were comfy and warm when once you had hooked the head-flaps securely down over your chest. There was an art in shuffling into them feet first, but it soon became easy. What a glorious fire we made that night of dry pine-tree limbs! And how fragrant the spruce smelt as we ate our dried and canned supper and drank hot, strong coffee! The healthy, fragrant odour of spruce needles—no exotic perfume can beat it—caused us to sleep soundly. Morning dawned much colder, with heavy snow falling. Luckily we had chosen our sleeping quarters within an avenue of pines. Nowhere to wash and make a toilet; just a little cold-cream clean of the face and a good rub of hands in crystallising snow—that was all.

Should we hunt around for breakfast, or light a fire again and heat up something from our store of evaporated foods? To hunt, or wangle, for breakfast won; so down the incline in four feet of snow we floundered, fell, and rolled. Eureka! at last a weather-soaked sign hanging from the flap of a huge tent—"Corned Beef, Mush, and Coffee—3 Dollars." How good it tasted served upon clean enamel platters!—and the kind Teutonic chef beamed a welcome on us. The Klondyke stove was sizzling hot, and fragrant spruce boughs hid the hard, frozen floor. "Old-Timers" and "Sourdoughs" call the spruce boughs "Alaska feathers," and they make their beds of them; they drink tea made from the green needles to keep away the dreaded scurvy, and they eagerly collect the gum from these trees in the summer time.

We stayed in the tent of "Fritz" until the tug arrived to carry us up the estuary to the mouth of the Stikine River. What a bleak, frozen, beautiful, wicked gateway to the Golden North it is! Adjectives describe, but no adjective could do justice—even if linked together with a hundred letters—to that river and trail to Klondyke. About thirty-five men were on the icebound shore, watching and helping us off-load from the tug. Jolly, good-hearted fellows they were, ready and willing to give a hand to a newcomer. Up went my tent; wood, and water baled from a hole made in the ice, made their appearance. They appeared shy, yet beamed a welcome to me—the first woman—or shall I say—child?—to arrive.

I had not had an opportunity to show off my cooking to hubby before, so as soon as he had our stove fixed and going, I also had the beans in the pot. The dried apricots smelt delicious as they swelled and boiled in another. Scones? Yes, we would have nice hot scones too. There was no oven, but what of a trifle like that? I had a frypan, and into it went eight bits of dough. Tragedy!—the beans refused to soften; no bicarbonate had been added. The lovely scones were raw in the middle, and the apricots had had no sugar added. But we laughed—I with tears mingled—and made

up on something else. So far, Bob and I had travelled alone. How we joined a party of five was like this—

"Do you think you will ever get there with that gal, pard?" called out a strong voice across the snow next morning.

"Why not?" queried we together.

"Wal—there's many reasons for my intrusion, stranger. I should like a word with you."

The speaker was a sheriff from Minneapolis, who had caught the fever so badly—"Klondyke or burst!"—and so, leaving a deputy in office there, he joined the "mush on" trail in the hope of making a fortune. Pete—that was his name; I never heard any other attachment, and we were just Pete, Sam, Billy, Queenie, etc.—no handles, please. Why these "boys" persisted in calling me Queenie I know not, but the name stuck to me for two years—until I returned home.

The pow-wow ended in us joining that party of five men. Each man pooled ten pounds sterling. Pete said that with Indian ponies we should travel well and quickly. Dogs are good, but these little, sure-footed Keioose horses better far. An Indian camp a few miles away supplied us with six of these sturdy little fellows. Of course, they



THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE AS SHE WAS AT THE END OF HER TWO YEARS IN THE KLONDYKE: MRS. NESTA McDONALD IN 1900.

haggled and bartered for a whole precious day before they finally agreed to let them go; but once given, an Indian rarely goes back on his word. The ponies, I believe, were our salvation. They tread lightly, and skim over the ice like reindeer, and are very strong. The sleds were heavy, and relays had to be made. Pete called a meeting, and the first law made on the Stikine River in '98 was "That no man should ride on the sleds unless injured or helpless." This did not apply to me, I was assured; but nevertheless, I was a "musher," and one of the "boys" as it were, and I walked all the way until we struck open water. I forget how many hundred miles it was—but some!

The packing of the sleds in the grey early morning, with a freezing blast blowing from the north—forty below zero, and each day growing harder and colder—was no playtime. Tempers frayed, then unravelled, and became ungovernable at times. Fifty miles up the river many men turned back—it was too hard. Dogs grew thin, weak, and when too spent to pull the loads any longer they were cut adrift to die in the snow. Horses plunged into snowdrifts with their loads, never to be seen again. Men went raving mad with the hardness of it all, and many died. A snowdrift, a terrific one—some said forty feet deep—had to be cut through with spades and axes and then beaten down. I donned my snowshoes and followed the "boys." I would play the game or die in the attempt. We were beating an unknown trail for those following behind. Fifty miles up the Stikine River we made the acquaintance of "Mosquito Tommy." He was a fat, short little fellow with no sled or heavy outfit. With a pack upon his back and a firm trust in trail hospitality, he was selling mosquito ointment—two dollars per box. His dark-skinned, honest face radiated delight as he informed us he was not going to Klondyke. When we said we had no need for his ointment he cried, "Oh, but you will have—just wait and see. 'Skeeters' big as bumble-bees, too, pard. You must not go without this ointment—you'll never forgive yourselves if you do."

Bang went another fourteen dollars: each of us had a tin on the strength of Tommy's honest face. It was all too true, for later the hungry, long-legged fellows tackled us in battalions. How they loved the flavour of Tommy's stuff! They bit right through it, driving us to madness, as they dined upon our red blood. They raced in swarms as the odour of it was borne upon the ozone. Stung by Tommy, too; but we accepted his joke without vengeance, although seven little tins were cached in a drift.

The dark Stikine Canyon, the dread danger zone of this river, so swift that it never entirely freezes over, we left behind in thankfulness, glad to see the last of so lost and desolate a spot. 'Twas here I became a victim to snow-blindness. Never shall I forget the agony of it, and for three days the whites of my eyes were blood-red and raw. I was quite blind, and the stabbing pain was beyond description. Three days we had to camp, and with bandaged eyes I lay in the tent. Never again did I venture upon the trail without my dark-green glasses.

Three days only—so we reckoned—and we should be at the headwaters of the river. Then would begin our overland trail to the top of the world. Water flowed over the icy surface; every sign of the river breaking up manifested itself almost hourly. The last ten miles we waded knee-deep in water, and the sheet-ice swayed and moaned as it gathered force for the last final heave. Huge cracks appeared beneath our feet and sleds. One of our "boys" fell into one of these treacherous fissures, and had it not been for great



THE FIRST WHITE WOMAN TO REACH THE KLONDYKE IN 1898: MRS. NESTA McDONALD, THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE—A RECENT PORTRAIT.

presence of mind in holding tight to the pony's reins he would have perished.

The sleds were terribly heavy, and the upriver overflow as we plunged through it made our limbs ache and our spirits somewhat depressed. We were waging war with time for life or death. Any moment now the ice could break up, and all would be lost. Glenore seemed still miles away. We had broken camp at 3.30 that morning, but rest we



"THE SIX-MONTHS-OLD TOWN OF SKAGWAY, NOW (1898) CONTAINING A POPULATION OF 3000": A PLACE VISITED BY MRS. NESTA McDONALD ON THE RETURN JOURNEY FROM THE KLONDYKE.

Photograph Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of March 12, 1898.

dare not—eat, impossible. The ponies scented danger too, for never had they strained to work as on that last day on the Stikine River. The sleds had to be kept moving—to stand still might lead to tragedy.

"Mush on, you ahead," reached us from far behind. Dogs barking mingled with voices timbred with frenzied fear, and "Mush on, you Malamutes" rang out from two miles away, borne upon the clear waves of air. Deeper swirled and swished the icy waters round our knees as on, on, we struggled in that last frenzied effort to reach safety.

At three o'clock that same afternoon we reached Glenore, a tiny patch of land at the mouth of Telegraph Creek. One hour later the treacherous river ice broke up. One huge upheaval, and crash upon crash, roar upon roar, as ice and water strove for supremacy. How many were drowned I do not know, but I saw two brothers named Jacks throw up their arms and disappear with all their earthly belongings under the mighty ice-packs.



WITH ONLY ONE WOMAN ON THE SCENE: MAIN STREET, DAWSON CITY—THE "MECCA" OF THE GOLD-SEEKERS—SHOWING (ON THE RIGHT) A PLACARD RELATING TO THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

Drawing by Julius M. Price, from "The Illustrated London News" of October 1, 1898.

A tragedy almost unspeakable happened here. We had often spoken to the two men concerned—often did they camp near us. This day their tent adjoined ours, and in the evening one of them begged the loan of a box of matches, saying that theirs had become useless, for they had omitted to pack them watertight under the oiled sailcloth which everyone used. They were quiet, rather taciturn fellows, so we thought nothing, next morn, when their tent had gone. It meant nothing to us—we were all in a hurry to reach our goal in Dawson City, and good luck to the "mushers" who got there first. A day later we had reached the summit of Telegraph Hill, and were rejoicing in the fine plateau we found there. Bob's sled was the last, and I trotted alongside, singing and chatting in turns, when the clip, clip of a horse's hoofs behind us caused us to pull up—inquisitively, more than to allow the rider to pass. He was one of the North-West Mounted men, and from his saddle hung a rope.

"Have you seen anything of the tawny-looking chap who was camped close to you at the bottom of the hill?" he inquired, after we had stopped joking.

"No; we had not seen him since he begged matches from us."

"Did you hear anything unusual any time during the night—quarrelling or such?"

"No" again; "not a sound—but why these questions?"

He then described the ghastly tragedy. Some of the fellows had managed to climb to safety up on the bank before the river broke, and had camped later on our old ground. The fierce pine wood used in the Klondyke stove began to melt the snow beneath, making a deepish hole. As the owner of a tent sat enjoying his Kentucky plug and waiting for his beans to cook he was horrified to see staring up at him a wide pair of eyes from a dead white face. At first he thought he had gone suddenly insane—it could not be! "Oh, God have pity!" he moaned, as he rushed into the open. He called wildly to some men, waving his arms in his agony of fear. Thinking also that the poor fellow was demented, they cautiously drew near.

"Look, look!" cried he. "Tell me that I did not see it!"—and he went on raving as he pointed to the tent. Still more cautiously the little crowd advanced—a sickening smell of burning filled the tent as they peered in. A man had been foully murdered with an axe and buried beneath a couple of feet of snow.

"It won't take long to chase him down now," said the officer. This proved true, for a few miles ahead a sled had been abandoned.

Moccasined feet were traced to a koppie.

"Hands up!" sternly called out the policeman, covering the surprised fugitive with his gun. He was bound and tied to the horse as later they passed us. He justly paid the penalty of his crime—perhaps

by law, perhaps by lynching, who knows?

Up again we toiled on those steep "steps" leading to the top of the world. Down steep valleys we "snubbed" both horses and outfit. More than once, when the gradient was very steep, I, with a rope round my waist, was gently "snubbed" down to save me disappearing into some deep snowdrift at the bottom.

The surprise when I saw the first river "running the wrong way"—to the north—may not strike my readers as funny. "We have turned round!" I said. "Look!" It was the winding little Arline River.

Up Hudson Post we had to pack the ponies, the mountain being too steep for the sleds.

The "boys" also carried heavy packs upon their backs, bent double with their weight. It was here that another crowd threw up the sponge and turned back, broken in health and spirit. One man declared "He thought more of his wife and kids than of all the gold in the Klondyke." Nice man that, though he was late in the day making the discovery!

Another fine plateau, and still nearer the world's roof. The stars looked much larger—almost the size of a teacup, I thought—and the Northern Lights were tinged pink. Many more miles we travelled before portage began. At last the snow became soft and useless for sledding, so the little ponies—we had lost none so far—donned their pack-saddles of wood, and, heavily laden, they trudged along contentedly. Long Lake at last. Here we built our boats, ripping the huge forest timber with hand rip-saws. Then, caulking with hemp and tar, all

was ready for the journey by water. My boat bore my nickname, "Queenie," and others were suitably christened. Some Texas "boys" called theirs "Lone Star," and a party of Australians named theirs "Kangaroo." We had only one horse left now—"Pintoe," the piebald. Three had disappeared in the dense forests, and must have been eaten by hungry, awakening bears. The buckskin broke his legs trying to reach some bunch grass high up on a bank, and the little mare cracked her spine trying to jump across a pool with her strong pack-saddle on her back.

One lovely mild morning our little fleet set out down Long Lake. In Teslin River a huge jam of driftwood completely barred our progress. This we had to cut through before any boat could pass. Ice floes were still in the river, but the watersheds were in full stream, pelting down and swelling the river to overflowing. Someone said that the river ran ten miles per minute—I only know that it was dangerously swift, and the Teslin Rapids were bad.

I went in Pete's boat here—he was a good waterman—and as we took the rapids he cried out to me: "Bail for

all you're worth," for with every angry wave we shipped more water. As soon as we could, we camped on the right-hand bank, and waited ready to give help to any who needed it. Some boats could not make the shore, and went flying down stream at terrific speed.

Teslin Lake, that gorgeous tidal water, is a hundred and thirty miles long, and so clear that everything is reflected as in a looking-glass, and blue as a tropic sea. The ice was not cleared yet, for the Hootalinqua River had not yet broken. We camped there in this beauty spot two weeks. The first woman had arrived at Teslin Lake! The first white woman, I should say, for, of course, squaws had been there before. What a fuss those "boys" made of me!

"You will go down in history as the first frontier woman of this country," said Pete, with pride, as one after another shook my hands and kissed me. We numbered now about eighty to a hundred souls at Teslin Lake. Many of the boys elected to stay there and help build the river steamer that was later to take the Canadian Light Infantry down to Dawson.

We followed the ice-floes down Hootalinqua's bank, and safely passed the whirlpool which menaces one just seven miles down, and here we had an exciting adventure. We had pulled in for lunch, and had just pushed off again.

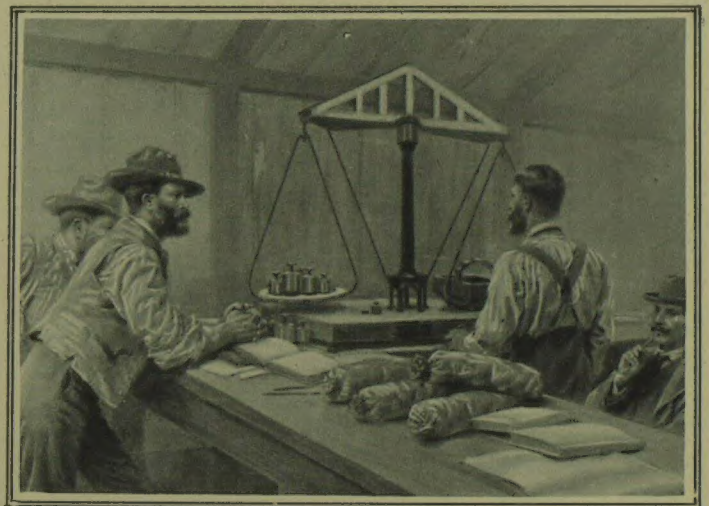


WHERE THE AUTHOR AND HER HUSBAND SPENT THE NIGHT IN SLEEPING-BAGS ON FROZEN GROUND: FORT WRANGEL, SITUATED AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE STIKINE ESTUARY.

Drawing by Edward Roper, from "The Illustrated London News" of April 9, 1898.

Bob and I were alone now, when a huge cinnamon bear plunged into the water and followed in our wake. I, in the stern, was using my Indian paddle, and Bob rowed. The huge, shaggy beast gained on us, his head only a few feet away. Straining at the rowlocks, Bob pulled with all his strength, and still Bruin came on, now gaining a few feet, now falling back. He was chasing us; of that there was no doubt; so I cried out. "Keep rowing, Bob, while I shoot the beast!" The Winchester was lying ready loaded—as usual—in the bottom of the boat. Dashing down my paddle, I reached for it, and after what seemed hours, but was really barely a minute, I took aim, and got him twice in the right eye. The huge, shaggy mass rolled over a time or two, and then disappeared from view.

We were still far from Klondyke: the terrifying Five-Finger Rapids were not conquered yet. Still, every day brought fresh incident and interest. Huge eagles circled overhead; the mournful cry of wolves woke us up in the dead of night; shy deer (caribou) would peer out from a



"THE RESULT OF THE YEAR'S 'WASH-UP'": A SKETCH IN THE BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA—A FRAIL CANVAS-BUILT SHANTY—AT DAWSON CITY.

Drawing by Julius M. Price, from "The Illustrated London News" of October 22, 1898.

glade with startled eyes. Once there was a stampede of moose, with the bull bellowing his cry of warning—for it was breeding time in their Far North home.

The gold belt was not struck yet. Still, tired of trail and weary of heart, men would try a pan of dirt, hoping to find that for which they had suffered so much to gain.

And so thrill and excitement followed us daily down this intriguing, unsurveyed Teslin Lake and Hootalinqua River, unknown to any but Indians in those far-off days. I quote Captain York, of the Canadian Pacific Navigation

(Continued on page 332.)

HAITI : VODOOISM—AND MATTERS SOCIAL.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE MAGIC ISLAND": By W. B. SEABROOK.*

(PUBLISHED BY GEORGE G. HARRAP.)

THOSE who cannot read Edgar Allan Poe with equanimity, those who dare not visit the Grand Guignol without smelling-salts, those who abhor the horrific, those to whom a spade must be an agricultural implement, should treat the earlier part of "The Magic Island," and some of the later, as *tabu*. Those of coarser stuff—and I am one of them in this case, much as I revolt against the thrill-theatre of Paris—will find it curiously fascinating,

that the Republican black has for the ruling and investigating and prohibiting white.

Let me return to the grim and the grotesque; for they will be more discussed than the worship and its whys and wherefores.

With the grotesque class the altar in a *houmfort*, a mystery house. "At the near end of the room, close to the doorway through which we had entered, was the wide,

low altar, spread over with a white lace table-cloth. In its centre was a small wooden serpent, elevated horizontally on a little pole as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness; around this symbol, which was ancient before the Exodus, were grouped thunderstones, Christian crucifixes made in France or Germany, necklaces on which were strung snake vertebrae, others from which hung little medallions of the Virgin Mary. . . . Grouped also on the altar were earthen jugs containing water, wine, oil; platters of vegetables and fruits, plates containing common bread, and plates containing elaborate sweet fancy cakes, bought days before down in the plain. There were bottles of expensive French-labelled grenadine and orgeat, a bottle of rum, kola-champagne, etc. There were also three cigars, not of the rough sort the peasants smoke, but fat and smooth in their red-gilt bands. With a naïve but justifiable rationality, these worshippers, whose gods were vitally, utterly real, saw no anachronism in offering to their deities the best of everything that could be procured."

With the grim rank moments before that very altar, moments of frenzy and faith and fear. "Goat-cry Girl-cry" is at the head of the chapter that records them. None will cavil at its appropriateness. The mention of it brings back the whole scene in its strange, devilish, eerie terror and triumph. A girl was on all-fours before the altar, a living symbol; a goat faced her. Black eyes stared into blue. "As the priest wove his ceaseless incantations, the girl began a low, piteous bleating in which there was nothing, absolutely nothing, human; and soon a thing infinitely more unnatural occurred; the goat was moaning and crying like a human child." A twig with tender leaves was offered and the girl nibbled with her lips, as horned cattle do. Then the machete fell and slashed deep into the throat of the goat. And "the girl, with a shrill, piercing, then strangled bleat of agony, leaped, shuddered, and fell senseless before the altar." That was the climax; it is enough here but to indicate the happenings. They are of those to be avoided by the squeamish.

It was human sacrifice by substitution. Actual human sacrifice is said to be offered up on occasion, but it is very rare.

With the grim also—and, if you will, with the grotesque—is the ragged field-labourer into whom a god had entered. He walked as though entranced, and his fellows lay prostrate at his feet. The *mamalo* and the *papalo* began "dressing him as they would an inanimate idol, while he stood docile, still as if dreaming." Women decked him with bracelets, rings, necklaces. "He stood there alone in the lighted, vacant space, bedizened." Vaguely he went in procession. In the *houmfort*, an incarnate god, he "climbed ponderously upon the altar, and, crouching there like an animal, began eating and drinking ravenously, but without haste." Then he prophesied and gave commands; and, "quietly drunken, lay down to sleep alone in his silent temple. But when morning came, the god had departed. Only a humble ragged negro lay there dozing at the foot of the altar. . . . He was like a common, empty cup, in which a rare elixir had for a brief period chanced to be contained." He was stripped of his jewels, which were reclaimed, to be cherished as sacred. He was a young black man—that is all; yet he had been a god, accepted and worshipped.

And with the grimmest of the grim count the "Judas"—slaying of President Guillaume Sam, thrown over a Legation wall to the mob, his fighting-fists already broken at the wrists; charms devised with disgusting dignity; the frankly sexual Congo Dance; the crooning and the curses of magicians; the drinking of blood and the asperging; the *culte des morts*, with its skulls, bones, shovel and pick-axe, and its woman "Nebo" masquerading as "the male-female hermaphroditic oracle of the dead," in a soft white muslin skirt, a man's long black coat, a man's tall silk hat, and dark, smoked goggles, and with an unlighted cigar in "its" mouth; the "dead old man" sitting in his chair, a lighted cigarette between his lips; and the story of the *zombies*, "soulless human corpses, still dead, but taken from the grave and endowed by sorcery with a mechanical semblance of life." According to the credulous natives, "people who have the power to do this go to a fresh grave, dig up the body . . . galvanise it into movement, and then make of it a servant or slave, occasionally for the commission of some crime, more often simply as a drudge around the habitation or the farm, setting it dull heavy tasks, and beating it like a dumb beast if it slackens." Mr. Seabrook saw some of these "walking dead men." He concluded that they were the mad, compelled to labour. But it was suggested that some of these toilers in the fields had actually been taken from their graves after their relations had interred them decently: "suspended animation!" There is in the current *Code Pénal* of the Republic of Haiti: "Article 249: Also shall be qualified as attempted murder the employment which may be made against any person of substances which, without causing actual death, produce a lethargic coma more or less prolonged. If, after the administration of such substances, the person has been buried, the act shall be considered murder no matter what result follows."

There I must halt, having, almost unwittingly, perhaps over-proved my point that much of the stark realism of "The Magic Island" is not for the too delicately minded, but for those willing to face the unpleasant when there is a lesson to be learnt or a point of view to be understood, more especially when, as now, the word "unpleasant" is employed in a purely Shavian sense, and not as it would be were one dealing with many an ultra-modern novel. Mr. Seabrook is too courageous to be "naïce" in the estimation of the unco' unctuous; but he is never nasty—and distinction must be drawn between matter and manner: the conscientious craftsman will not veneer decaying wood.

For the rest, it should not be forgotten that there is genial entertainment, as well as instruction, in that section of his book which has to do with modern social conditions in Haiti; the negro of innumerable shades, the highly cultured aristocrat and the plodding, emotional peasant; the "superior but kindly" Americans in possession, who cannot always see the insult in the word "nigger," or realise the status of colour in the island; with the climbing of Morne La Selle; and, particularly, with Lieutenant



FORBIDDEN VODOOISM: AN ALTAR IN A HOUMFORT, A MYSTERY HOUSE; WITH CRUCIFIX, SERPENT ON STAFF, AND FOOD, DRINKS, AND CIGARS FOR THE GODS.

Reproductions from "The Magic Island," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. George G. Harrap and Co., Ltd.

even when it is repellent: it lures not by appealing to morbidity of mind, but as an evil snake of the undergrowth may lure, or a cat-eyed beast slinking in the jungle, or, to ascend, a *jolie laide* of the pavement. Nothing could be more macabre than most of it; nothing more calculated to attract the attention and hold it as lodestone holds steel.

What is more, Truth is in it. The author attended certain of the gruesome ceremonies of Voodooism, was even initiated by blood-baptism; and he questioned and noted, making sure, as far as that was possible, that his informants were neither "telling the tale" to please, nor exaggerating to enthrall an innocent. In fact: "Voodoo is not a secret cult or society in the sense that Freemasonry or the Rosierucian cult is secret; it is a religion, and secret only as Christianity was secret in the catacombs, through fear of persecution. Like every living religion it has its inner mysteries, but that is secrecy in a different sense." Despite its mummeries, its banalities, its *diablerie*, its superstitions, its panderings to lust, it is a real religion, that is the assertion; and Mr. Seabrook's work is in a measure both a description and a defence. Substantially, he is in accord with Eugène Aubin, the French writer, who said: "However crude may seem some of the beliefs and rites of Voodoo, the fault does not lie with the underlying principles of Voodoo belief, which is a sort of nature worship, finding divinities in the various forces of nature. Voodooism is a form of pantheism. . . ." To which it may be added that some Roman Catholicism has been superimposed in Haiti. Indeed, the author remarks: "Although Damballa, the ancient African serpent-God, remains enthroned as its central figure, this Voodoo ceremony is not the old traditional rite brought over from Africa, but rather a gradually formalised new ritual which sprang from the merging in earliest slave days of the African tradition with the Roman Catholic ritual, into which faith the slaves were all baptised by law, and whose teachings and ceremonial they willingly embraced, without any element of intended blasphemy or diabolism, incorporating modified parts of Catholic ritual—as for instance the vestments and the processional—into their Voodoo ceremonies, just as they incorporated its Father, Son, Virgin, and saints in their pantheistic theology. Thus indeed all new religions are formed. . . . I am contributing nothing new in telling that a crucifix stands to-day on every Voodoo altar in Haiti. . . . The presence of the crucifix has been generally misunderstood. Christian priests have imagined that it involved diabolic and deliberate desecration . . . never understanding that the crucifix transplanted to the Voodoo altar is revered and held sacred there as it was in the cathedral. True, it becomes the symbol not of the God, but rather of one god among many, and this in the eyes of some will constitute, I suppose, an almost equally deplorable sacrilege."

So much to touch upon that phase of Mr. Seabrook's book which deals with forbidden Voodooism and its precise place in discussions on comparative theology: suffice it to emphasise that it illumines much that has been dark and makes visible much that should have been seen long ago, and would have been had it not been for the fear



AT A CEREMONY OF THE CULTE DES MORTS IN HAITI: MAM'SELLE CLASSINIA AS PAPA NEBO, DRESSED HALF AS A MAN AND HALF AS A WOMAN; WITH OTHER WOMEN AS THE MIDWIFE (LEFT) AND THE DRUNKEN ONE.

These sorceresses use human corpses for magical purposes.

F. E. Wirkus, of the Haitian Gendarmerie, who was promoted from a top sergeant in the U.S. Marine Corps and flown to La Gonave, off Haiti, there to keep watch and ward and, in a short time, to be crowned King of the Island, its unchallenged and very efficient, benevolently autocratic, ruler!

Personally, I should like to wager that "The Magic Island" will be a best-seller. It ought to be.—E. H. G.

* "The Magic Island." By W. B. Seabrook, Author of "Adventures in Arabia." Illustrated with Drawings by Alexander King and Photographs by the Author. (George G. Harrap and Co., Ltd.; 12s. 6d. net.)

A "SHOVEL-TUSK MASTODON" OF THE SEA: JAWS THAT SWALLOW WHALES.

This photograph recalls in some respects the shovel-tusked mastodon (illustrated in our issue of February 2) whose skull, with jaw resembling a coal-scoop, was recently discovered in Mongolia. Writing in "The Shipyard," the works magazine of Swan, Hunter, and Wigham Richardson, Ltd., and Barclay, Curle and Co., Ltd., Mr. G. B. Richardson says: "This ship was built at our Wallsend shipyard as the *San*

(Continued below)

Gregorio, a 15,000-ton oil-tank steamship. . . . At present she is owned by the Hvalfanger A/S Rosshavet, under the management of Johan Rasmussen and M. Konow, of Sandefjord, Norway. She was renamed the *C. A. Larsen* (after a whaling pioneer) and in 1926 was converted into a whaling factory. . . . The most striking feature is the huge bow port about 18 ft. in diameter, closed by a great lid operated by an immense girder arm working on a pivot. . . . Immediately abaft of this bow port is a steel ramp or sloping causeway rising up to the long

(Continued below)



JONAH AVENGED! THE HUGE BOW PORT OF A WHALING "FACTORY," THROUGH WHICH CAPTURED WHALES ARE HAULED ON BOARD.

(Continued.)

weather deck. . . . It is through this port that the whales, after capture, are hauled bodily up to the weather deck, where they are cut up. On the bridge deck are two powerful winches. The rope is passed round the whale's tail just forward of its flukes, and then by powerful tackle the winches haul the carcase up to the required position. . . . The *C. A. Larsen*

came to us last July for repairs, after having struck an uncharted submerged rock at Stewart Island, to the south of New Zealand." Nowadays whaling is largely a Norwegian monopoly and restricted to the Antarctic regions. As noted in our issue of December 1, there is an agitation to limit the number of whales killed, in view of the danger of their extermination.

A Gem of the Dutch Art Exhibition : A Fine Fabritius Now to be Seen at Burlington House.

After the picture lent by the Royal Picture Gallery (Mauritshuis), The Hague. Reproduced by permission of the Medici Society.



"THE GOLDFINCH"—BY CAREL FABRITIUS UNDER WHOM, IT IS ALMOST CERTAIN,
VERMEER OF DELFT STUDIED.

"Very little is known of the life of Carel Fabritius," writes Mr. Wilenski, in his "Introduction to Dutch Art." "The only quite certain fact is that he was killed in an explosion of a powder magazine in Delft on October 12, 1654. A contemporary chronicler named Bleijswijck, describing Delft in 1667, says that Fabritius was about thirty at the time of the explosion, and the date of

his birth rests on that authority. Hoogstraten states that he was a pupil of Rembrandt about 1641." It is almost certain that Vermeer of Delft studied under him. In the Burlington House exhibition catalogue the above work is described: "A goldfinch sits on a perch projecting from a grey cage fastened to a sunlit wall. Signed: C. Fabritius 1654. Wood. 13½ by 9½ in."

The Royal Silver Wedding: Princess Alice.

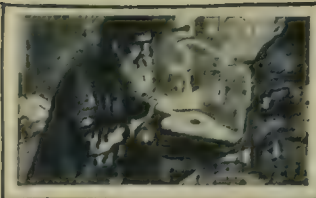
FROM THE PICTURE BY PHILIP A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



MARRIED ON FEBRUARY 10, 1904: H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE,
WIFE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Princess Alice, who celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of her wedding on February 10, is the daughter of Prince Leopold, first Duke of Albany, fourth son of Queen Victoria, and was born on February 25, 1883. Her husband is the third son of the late Duke of Teck and the late Duchess of Teck, daughter of the first Duke of Cambridge. By Royal Warrant dated July 14, 1917, he discontinued the use of the style and title of "Serene Highness" and "Prince," and assumed the

surname of Cambridge. He was created Viscount Trematon and Earl of Athlone in the Peerage of the United Kingdom. He served in Matabeleland in 1896; in South Africa in 1899-1900; and during the European War, 1914-1918. He was appointed Governor-General of Canada in 1914, but did not take up the duties. In 1923 he became Governor-General of the Union of South Africa and High Commissioner for South Africa, and was reappointed as from January last.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE BARE-FACED ROOK.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc

I WAS once told, by one who regarded himself as an authority on the subject, that "we know all there is to know about British birds"; and no doubt he believed that this was so. In making this extraordinary statement he probably meant that we know precisely how many of the species on the official list of British birds are resident and breeding



FIG. 1. THE COMPLEX PATTERNING OF THE ISABELLINE ROOK: AN ANCESTRAL PLUMAGE.

This figure of an Isabelline rook, drawn some years ago by the well-known bird-artist, Mr. Frohawk, shows a complex patterning, which is to be interpreted as an ancestral livery, now masked by the intensification of the melanin pigment, which has made this bird, in its normal plumage, "as black as a crow."

species; how many are spring and autumn migrants; where we may seek their nests—and eggs; the number of sub-species which are to be recognised, and so on. Yet, when all these facts are noted we have but laid the foundation for the study of our native birds. And, though he rise early and live laborious days, the most a man can hope to do ere his time comes is to bring out a few scraps of knowledge from the Great Unknown.

My friend would probably have told me that we most certainly know all that is to be known about the rook, surely one of the commonest of our native birds. We can most of us recognise a rook at sight, even when on the wing; we know its habit of following the plough; we take at least a passing interest in "rookeries"; we know at least something of its nest and eggs and young—some, even, enjoy "rook-

worms, so that, in the course of time, the feathers became worn away to stumps. This seemed to him not merely a "rational" explanation, but the only possible one. One marvels that he could have been so easily satisfied.

To appreciate the problem, one must remember that the rook, when launched into the world to fend for himself, has a face as well feathered as that of the crow or the raven. At the base of the young rook's beak will be found long, somewhat bristle-like feathers, covering the nostrils on each side of the base of the beak, as shown in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 4). By continuous digging, Rennie contended, these feathers were gradually worn away, though neither he nor anyone else had ever seen a bird in which, say, half of this patch of bristles had been worn off. But, more than this, he ought to have expected to find birds with the beak and face well up to the forehead caked with mud and broken feathers; for, eventually, not merely the beak-bristles, but the feathers of the forehead and throat, disappear, leaving the bare, white skin by which we distinguish the rook at sight. Rennie's contemporary, Charles Waterton, took him to task in one of the essays published in his delightful "Essays on Natural History," a book, unfortunately, nowadays seldom read. He poured scorn on Rennie's arguments, though he could offer no better explanation of the facts than that it was the bird's nature to shed its feathers after this fashion. Their disappearance had nothing whatever to do with the bird's mode of feeding. Nor have we to-day any better explanation.

If one wanted to refute the theory of the loss of these feathers by abrasion, as the result of digging in the soil for food, one could point to the fact that the bristles are the last, not the first, to disappear. The process of denudation begins with the feathers of the forehead; and this does not begin until the youngster's second moult. During all this time, he digs as assiduously as his bare-faced elders, yet shows no trace of the fact in damaged nose-bristles—as the theory demands he should do. Again, every adult bird, at each succeeding annual moult, makes what one might call a sickly attempt to regain the feathered face, since a few degenerate spines and bristles make a temporary appearance. They are vestiges of once perfect feathers.

There is one peculiarity of this shedding of the face-feathers which seems to have escaped notice. In all other birds which have developed a featherless face and there are many—the feathers bordering the bare area have a neatly finished appearance. This is never so with the rook. They always expose the grey, semi-plumous base of the vane; as if the small feathers which should cover them, to give "finish," had been plucked out. This particular feature does not appear in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 3)

of the head of the adult, owing to the absence of colour. There is, indeed, no real reason why we should regard the bare face of the rook as more in need of explanation than that of, say, the guinea-fowl, or the bell-bird, or a dozen or so other species.

It is worth noting that the incipient stages of this process of denudation are to be found in the rook which inhabits Eastern Siberia, and ranges thence to China and Japan. In this only the region of the nostrils and the sides of the lower jaw are bare. There is another singularly interesting thing about the rook, to which I think I first drew attention when writing my "Camouflage in Nature." In that volume, I gave a figure of an "Isabelline rook," showing an elaborate patterning, answering, I suggested, to an ancestral coloration masked in normal birds by the intensification of the melanin pigment, "watered down" in this variety to a pale coffee-colour.

I now find that this same pattern can be traced in the normal rook, just as one can trace the spots, in certain lights, on the flanks of the black leopard, or the stripes on the flanks of a black "tabby-cat." In the accompanying photograph (Fig. 2) of the adult rook, traces of this pattern can be seen, as narrow, transverse lines, in some of the wing-feathers above the disc-like stump of the bough on which the bird is perched. But when one can handle this specimen and turn it, in a strong light, now this way, now that, concentric lines and transverse bars can be seen all over the back and wing-feathers. The heavy bands which, on the thumb-feathers of the jay, are marked with alternating bands of glorious blue and black, are found, as in the Isabelline rook shown here (Fig. 1).

The secondaries and the quill-feathers of the normal rook, "black as a crow," have much the same form as in this Isabelline bird. And I find similar masked markings in the raven, concerning which, and the interpretation of these masked markings, I hope to say something on another occasion. But enough, I think, has been said to show that there is more in the rook than meets the eye, and that we cannot all claim, as yet, to know everything there is to be known about this familiar bird.



FIG. 2. SHOWING TRACES OF AN EARLIER COLORATION FORMING PATTERNS: AN ADULT ROOK.

If an adult rook be turned about in a strong light and carefully examined, traces of an earlier coloration forming patterns will be found. Some feathers, thus marked, will be seen just above the cut surface of the bough on which this bird is perched.



FIG. 3. THE FEATHERLESS FACE OF THE ADULT ROOK.

In the adult stage the beak is relatively much longer and more arched, and the bristles covering the nostrils and the feathers of the fore-part of the face are wanting. But these are present in the East-Siberian rook, which shows, however, an incipient tendency to lose these feathers, as in our British bird.

shooting." What more would any reasonable man want to know about rooks?

But there have been unreasonable men in the past, and the like are with us still: inquisitive spirits who venture to ask, "Why has the rook a bare face?" A hundred years ago this was the subject of heated debate. Rennie, the editor of "Montagu's Ornithological Dictionary," held that the rather untidy-looking white face of this bird was due to its habit of thrusting its beak down deep into the soil for



FIG. 4. THE HEAD OF A YOUNG ROOK, SHOWING THE BRISTLY FEATHERS ON THE NOSTRILS.

In the head of the young rook it will be found that the nostrils are covered with long, bristle-like feathers pointing from the base to the tip of the beak, as in the carrion-crow and the raven, and, indeed, all other members of the crow tribe.

WINTER'S ICY GRIP ON ENGLAND: THE ODDER SIDE OF THE COLD SPELL.



THE RINK, TRAFALGAR SQUARE! SLIDING ON THE ICE IN ONE OF THE FOUNTAIN-BASINS AT THE FOOT OF THE NELSON COLUMN.



TAKING THEIR OIL-STOVES TO CHURCH; MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION ARRIVING AT A LEYTON CHURCH WHOSE HEATING PLANT HAD FAILED.



"CREAM ICE" INDEED: MILK SERVED IN SPOONFULS IN FROZEN, INSTEAD OF IN LIQUID, FORM AT FOLKESTONE.



THAWING THE MILK: HEATING CHURNS BY "WATCHMAN'S" FIRE AT A CENTRAL LONDON DEPOT.



TAKING SWANS TO TEMPORARY WINTER QUARTERS: REMOVING BIRDS FROM THE RIVER AT THAMES DITTON.



A SWAN THAT PECKED A PLACE FOR ITSELF IN THE FROZEN WATER: A BIRD IN ITS HOME-MADE "PATCH" ON THE WEY AT GUILDFORD.



HAPPY ENOUGH AND VERY MUCH IN HIS ELEMENT: A SEA-LION "GALUMPHING" OVER THE ICE WITH A FISH IN HIS MOUTH AT THE "ZOO."

The icy spell brought its humours as well as its domestic tragedies, and a number of oddities were to be noted by the observant who could forget for the moment their colds, their frozen pipes and cisterns, their lack of baths, their chilly journeyings, their frantic telephone calls for overworked plumbers and mates, and their fears as to what the thaw would bring in the way of unwelcome douches! It was, at least, a novelty to see sliding, strictly unofficial sliding, in the fountain-basins of Trafalgar Square; and it must have needed exceeding phlegm not to

have been amused as well as annoyed at having the milk served on a plate! How far the lower animal life saw fun in the frost, none can tell. Certainly, some of its representatives suffered with their higher fellows. In some cases, it was possible to alleviate. Witness the case of the Thames swans that were removed from the freezing waters and given temporary quarters in pens on land, as well as food: this thanks to a special order issued to the King's swan-keeper by the Lord Chamberlain with most commendable promptitude.



FIG. 1. "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" AS A BARRIER AGAINST LOCUSTS: AN INGENIOUS ARAB EFFECTIVELY PROTECTS HIS TOMATOES WITH A COLLECTION OF OUR "BACK NUMBERS."

Plagues of locusts have been reported recently from various countries, including Iraq, Palestine, and Kenya. At Nairobi, for example, a swarm invaded a coffee plantation a few days ago, and the whole population turned out to scare the pests away by deafening noises, as well as by smoke-screens and motor-car exhausts. In the following article Mrs. More describes some remarkable experiences during a locust plague in Kuwait, on the Persian Gulf, where Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. More is Political Agent.

WE have long been hearing rumours of an invasion of Kuwait, and now it is being invaded; but it is an army of locusts that is marching on Kuwait—thirty miles long and twelve across. The Arabs say they cover a larger area than that; but there must be other armies, for the parents of these locusts were fairly thickly spread across the desert. They came from the south, down Hasa way, two months ago to lay their eggs in the sand, and then perish perhaps; some millions of them were subsequently washed up on the beach. When they settle on the sand to lay their eggs, the Arabs collect them for food; but of that more anon.

It is the youngsters that do the damage to crops and other vegetation; and it is the youngsters that are marching on Kuwait. They are in this crawling and hopping stage for three weeks, growing day by day; then they get their wings and fly away to pastures new. We went out this morning to photograph them. The first photograph (Fig. 1) shows an ingenious Arab who has found a new use for *The Illustrated London News*. He must have bought it second-hand in the bazaar, and collected it for months against a possible invasion of these pests. The "snap" shows clearly how pages from this journal have been plastered and nailed on to the mud wall surrounding a tomato crop; while the locusts, seeming to know instinctively of the luscious vegetation inside, are striving to crawl up, but are baffled by the glossy surface of the paper, and are even appeasing their hunger by devouring the paper itself. The second "snap" (Fig. 4) is another view of the same subject. The third photograph (Fig. 3) shows how simple a matter it is for the *diba* (as the Arabs call the young locust) to climb the mud walls and get into a garden, where melons are covered with matting and plastered down all round—a defence which, I am afraid, is not as efficient as *The Illustrated London News*.

The youngsters are on the move from dawn to dusk, always travelling in one direction. These were marching east-north-east towards the Persian Gulf, and I was intrigued to know what happened when they reached the sea. Was the instinct for migration stronger than that of self-preservation?—for one is told that they plunge into a river and cross it in floating masses. So we motored down the coast a dozen miles where the "road" runs near the shore,

LOCUSTS BAFFLED BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

THE GLOSSY SURFACE OF OUR PAGES, STOOD UPRIGHT, FORMS AN EFFECTIVE FENCE TO A-TOMATO CROP!

By Mrs. V. MORE; with Photographs by the Author.

and went down to the beach. And a truly wonderful sight we beheld. Thousands of crabs were darting about on the tips of their toes, and so intent were they on their great banquet that they did not notice our approach, and we succeeded in cutting off a large number of them. But suddenly they became suspicious, and, as if at a word of command, all disappeared. We went up to the place where they had been, but there seemed to be no sign of them. When my husband called my attention to a dead one, it seemed dead right enough, but for all that it was just lying "doggo," and when we dug it out of the sand, it changed its policy. It reared up on its hind-legs and "snarled" at us (if a crab can snarl?), and spread out its other legs and claws as if to pounce on us. We teased it a little, then let it go, and as it hurried back to the sea and safety, it raised its littlest hind-leg and waved us "good-bye." Another crab had actually got a locust in its claw, which it held aloft, standing on its hind-legs as the other had done, trying to frighten me off. We had disturbed them at a feast, for the shore was strewn with locusts torn to shreds. Unfortunately we had not got the camera with us, and when we went down with it the crabs were all too shy.

Well, to return to the story. The *diba* that escaped the crabs went down to the water's edge, and turned north. The locusts came to a halt within an inch or two of the sea. As the tide went out, they followed it down, and when it turned it ended the chapter of their lives. And so it happens at each tide. How wasteful Nature is of life! The dead are washed up and form little ridges which the Bedouin collect and dry for use as fodder for their camels. So that in the end the camels get some of their own back, as the *diba* have eaten all the camel-thorn which is the animals' natural food. We could not get a good "close-up" of them on the camel-thorn, as they are easily frightened away, but one photograph (Fig. 2) shows some on reeds. Many of them even climbed up one of the quaint towers in the town wall. The tower and the wall, like all other buildings in Kuwait, are made of sun-baked bricks, so that the little creatures get a good foothold anywhere.

Elsewhere we came across some market gardens round which a wall of tin plates had been made. "Washing" was hung on the "clothes-line" to help to scare away the creatures. The husband of a Bedouin woman obligingly allowed her to pose. She wore a black cloth veil over her face with holes cut in it for her eyes. On our departure her husband insisted on giving us a handful of cucumbers, which we felt bound to accept or hurt his feelings. In the market square business was going on as usual, locusts or no locusts. Camels were being laden, and a boy was riding a white donkey which had had a network design painted on it with henna. (The donkey was of a special breed, and as large as a good-sized pony.) We also saw a Bedouin tent made of black goat hair; and lastly a caravan on its way out into the desert.

Unfortunately, we had no more films left to take the locusts coming through the town, where they travel nearly half a mile a day, over walls of houses and courtyards, over flat roofs, and down the other side. Nothing seems to stop them; there are too many to

destroy. The Arabs just sweep them out of the houses and courtyards and off the walls at intervals. The European houses are fairly immune, as they all have "meat-safe" doors and windows fitted to keep flies out.

Cannibalism is rife amongst these locusts. If one gets hurt or falls by the way, it is immediately attacked by others. Three attacked one we had just run

over. One of them, much smaller than the others, was soon thrown off, and one of the remaining two mistook its rival for the victim and caught it by the tail. Others, seeing the struggle, joined in, and in a matter of minutes it had quite disappeared.

They are not discriminate as to their diet, and will eat almost anything at this stage of their existence. And also they like to climb up to a height. If one stands in their midst they will come running from all round and start climbing up one's stockings and cluster on one's shoes—they eat both cloth and leather. Ugh! They are horrible; they give one "creepy-crawlies" by day and nightmares at night. And a friend of mine remarked that she thought they were so "pretty"! The word is unsuitable. One could say of a

single specimen that it was "handsome" with its coat of glossy yellow and black. But the "damnable iteration" of so many millions takes away from any artistic effect.

The Bedouin eat these *diba*. They pound them up and mix them with dates, and they say it gives the dates another flavour, and no doubt to the Bedouin this means a great deal. The townsmen also eat them, but only the full-grown ones just before they lay their eggs. And the eggs, of course, are the "meaty" part. We ate them, too, a couple of months ago. We had them as savouries, sometimes boiled in brine, and sometimes fried on toast, and we thought them good. The idea seems to shock people. But why? The French eat snails and frogs. And what can be more repulsive than the idea of eating a live oyster? Before the locusts are boiled the wings are removed, and one dismembers the head and limbs as one eats them; but when they are fried and served on toast only the body remains. And, by the way, they do not taste of shrimps. Why people imagine they should I don't know; a locust is not a fish. The flavour is that of roasted chestnuts.

The damage they do is appalling. But the immediate effect on the market is to bring down the prices of meat and vegetables, because, the Arab reasons, if there is to be no grazing for the animals, and if they are going to lose their market produce, they might as well sell now and get a little money.



FIG. 2. INSECTS THAT CAN CLIMB ANYTHING EXCEPT "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS": LOCUSTS ON A CLUMP OF REEDS—PART OF A SWARM THAT WAS DEVoured BY CRABS, OR DROWNED, ON REACHING THE COAST.



FIG. 3. AN EASY CLIMB FOR YOUNG LOCUSTS: THE *DIBA* ASCENDING THE MUD WALL OF A GARDEN NOT PROTECTED BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" (AS IS THAT SHOWN FAINTLY IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND).



FIG. 4. LOCUSTS VAINLY TRYING TO SCALE THE GLOSSY SURFACE OF PAGES FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," PLACED VERTICALLY (UPSIDE DOWN) AGAINST THE EMBANKED SIDES OF A TOMATO PATCH: THE SIEGE THAT FAILED.

The page on the right shows the King opening an extension of the Royal Albert Dock. To the left are archaeological photographs of the Minoan palace at Knossos, Crète. Both subjects (here seen upside down) are from our issue of July 16, 1921. The fact shows how copies of this paper are treasured up for years, and how far-reaching is its appeal.

AIR RELIEF FOR ICE-BOUND STEAMERS: RESCUE 'PLANES AND WAR-SHIPS.



A MONOPLANE OF THE LUFTHANSA SERVICE BRINGING RELIEF TO AN ICE-BOUND STEAMER IN THE BALTIC: ONE OF MANY GERMAN AEROPLANES EMPLOYED DURING THE GREAT FROST TO LOCATE SHIPS IN DISTRESS—UNPROVIDED WITH WIRELESS OR WITH THEIR WIRELESS OUT OF ORDER—AND TO DROP SUPPLIES OF FOOD AND FUEL.

During the great frost the German Luft-hansa organised an air service to help ice-bound ships in the Baltic, and the aeroplanes traced several missing steamers and brought them food and fuel, as noted on another page in this number. On February 12, for example, a Junkers aeroplane located a German ship eighteen sea miles south-east of Gjedser, on the Danish coast, and dropped 1½ cwt. of food and two gallons of rum. On the 13th, aeroplanes located five ships in the Langelnads Belt, and dropped 5 cwt. of food. In Sweden, two seaplanes fitted with wireless were sent out from Halmstad to report to ice-breakers the position of ice-bound vessels in the Cattagat, and, when possible, to drop provisions. In Denmark aeroplanes

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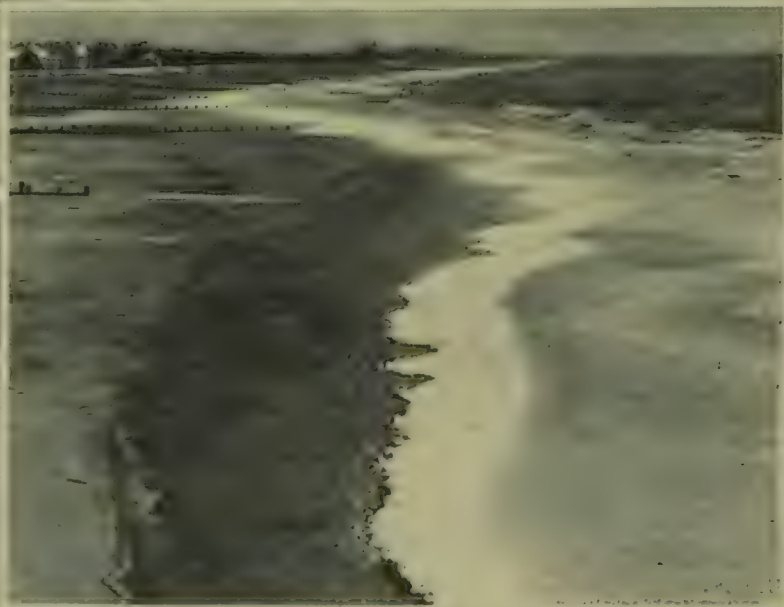


SLEDGE PARTIES FROM THE GERMAN BATTLE-SHIP "ELSASS" (PARTLY VISIBLE IN THE FOREGROUND) TAKING SUPPLIES OF FOOD AND COAL TO AN ICE-BOUND STEAMER: RELIEF WORK IN THE BALTIC.

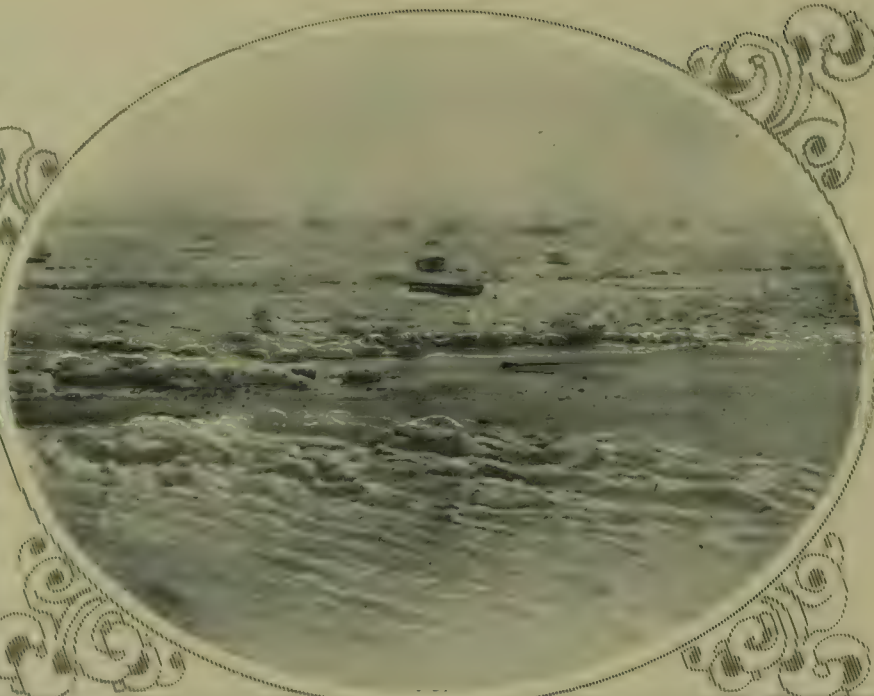
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were used to carry mails. In the Baltic also, much relief work was carried out by the German battle-ships "Elsass" and "Schleswig-Holstein," which, as we have mentioned elsewhere, occasionally acted as ice-breakers and liberated many vessels of various nationalities—British, French, German, Russian, and Danish. It was difficult work, as the ice-bound ships were continually drifting from their reported positions. On the 13th, there were some twenty-five vessels ice-bound in the Western Baltic. On the 14th, the two battle-ships returned to Kiel, with some rescued vessels, after being themselves held by the ice for several hours. There were then 134 ships in Kiel harbour, and the work of the battle-ships and aeroplanes was said to be practically finished.

ARCTIC ENGLAND BY THE SEA: FROZEN FORESHORES DURING THE COLD SPELL.



FROST AND ICE AT THE MARGIN OF THE SEA A FEW MILES FROM WHERE THE KING IS STAYING: AN EFFECT OF THE COLD ON THE FORESHORE AT LITTLEHAMPTON, SUSSEX.



A VERY FAMOUS SEASIDE TOWN OF ESSEX SUGGESTING A SCENE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS: THE SNOW AND ICE-COVERED SHORE AT LEIGH-ON-SEA, SOUTHEAST, WITH STRANDED CRAFT.



ON THE YORKSHIRE COAST DURING THE COLD SPELL: A VIEW OF SCARBOROUGH, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE CORNER CAFÉ (IN THE FOREGROUND) AND SHOWING CLIFF BUNGALOWS.



WINTRY BROADSTAIRS OF DICKENSIAN FAME: THE BAY, WITH ITS SANDS AND ITS LITTLE PIER SNOW-COVERED, DURING THE COLD SPELL—"BLEAK HOUSE" IN THE BACKGROUND.



AT BOGNOR, NEAR WHERE THE KING IS STAYING, IN CRAIGWEIL HOUSE: ON THE FRONT OF THE FAMOUS SEASIDE RESORT DURING THE UNUSUALLY SEVERE SPELL OF WINTER WEATHER.



RECALLING PHOTOGRAPHS OF ICE-BREAKERS AT WORK IN RUSSIA! THE FROZEN FORESHORE AT LEIGH-ON-SEA, SOUTHEAST, WITH HOUSE-BOATS AND OTHER CRAFT SURROUNDED BY ICE.

The severe frost did not freeze the Thames in what may be called the classic manner; that is to say, the river was not frozen completely over at any very important points, as it was, for example, in 1813-1814, when booths were set up on the ice and suggested the fairs on the ice-covered Thames in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Upper reaches were, however, blocked, although the Thames Conservancy did everything possible to keep the waterway open, using ice-breaking tugs, private tugs, and manual labour for that purpose. One of the features of the cold spell was the freezing of foreshores, and here we illustrate some instances.

The photographs showing Littlehampton and Bognor respectively are, it need hardly be said, of particular interest, in that Craigweil House is just outside Bognor and Littlehampton but a few miles from it, and that a recent bulletin referred to the "inclement weather." A semi-comic touch is added to the news interest of the Leigh-on-Sea photographs by the fact that it was reported from other parts of Essex—West Mersea and Brightlingsea among them—that thousands of young oysters, left exposed to the frost by an abnormal tide, were lying frozen dead on the shore!

ICE WELCOME AND UNWELCOME: SPORT AND "CHRISTMAS CARD" SCENERY.



WHEN THE INTENSE COLD WAS WELCOMED: RACING FOR THE PROFESSIONAL ICE-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP OF GREAT BRITAIN HELD FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR YEARS—AN EVENT AT LINGAY FEN.



THE RACE FOR THE ONE-MILE LONDON AMATEUR ICE-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP ON THE RUISLIP RESERVOIR ON FEBRUARY 16: THE SCENE DURING THE EVENT, WHICH WAS WON BY MR. L. T. REDBURN.



BEAUTIFIED BY THE FROZEN FINGERS OF JACK FROST: AYSGARTH FORCE—THE WATERFALL AS A CRYSTAL CASCADE.



A FROZEN FALL NEAR MALHAM, IN YORKSHIRE: GORDALE SCAR IN ITS FROZEN BEAUTY.



THE RIVER DEE PARTIALLY FROZEN OVER: AN ARCTIC SCENE BY THE OLD BRIDGE AT CHESTER, THE ROMAN DEVA CASTRA (CAMP ON THE DEE).

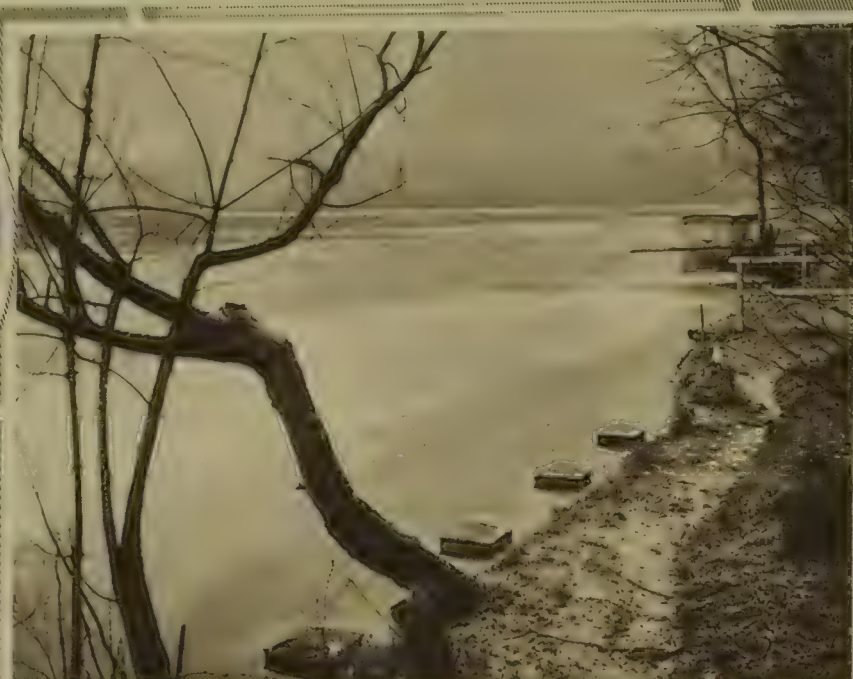


ICE AT A POINT AT WHICH THE RIVER IS 450 FEET WIDE: THE TWEED AT KELSO, WHERE SCARCELY A PATCH OF FREE WATER WAS TO BE SEEN.

The Fen section of the National Skating Association were enabled to decide the race for the Professional Ice-Skating Championship of Great Britain on February 14, for the first time for seventeen years. The event was held at Lingay Fen. There was an entry of twenty. The course was a mile and a-half, with three turns. D. Pearson, of Mepal, was placed first: time, five minutes.—The one-mile London Amateur Championship was decided on the Ruislip Reservoir. L. T. Redburn retained the championship, which he won in December, 1927. His time for the

final run was three minutes forty-one and three-fifths seconds, which is eighteen and three-fifths seconds slower than the record for the event set up by S. Markham at the Welsh Harp in 1902. Redburn, it is interesting to note, is well known also as a roller-skater.—Aysgarth Force is a fine water-fall near Aysgarth, in Yorkshire.—As is noted elsewhere, the Thames was frozen over in places, and there was the same happening in the case of no fewer than seventeen other rivers of varying degrees, including the Dee and the Tweed.

MILD MIMICRY OF 1813! THE THAMES IN ITS PARTIALLY-FROZEN STATE.



A SEQUEL TO THE FREEING OF THE UPPER REACHES OF THE THAMES BY ICE-BREAKING TUGS: THE RIVER CHOKED WITH ICE AT TEDDINGTON.

As we have had occasion to remark on another page, booths were erected on the frozen Thames during the winter of 1813-1814. Since then such a thing has not been possible; but in 1893 the river from Westminster to London Bridge was almost closed by ice, and two years later river traffic was much interfered with. This year, fortunately, there was only a partial freezing-over, but that was nuisance enough.



AT OXFORD: A MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY BOAT CLUB MAKING A PERILOUS PASSAGE ACROSS THE ICE ON THE ISIS.

The Isis became completely blocked by ice from the University boat-house to Iffley Lock, and, as a result, the University Boat-Race crew visited Henley unexpectedly for practice in a boat lent to them by the Leander Rowing Club. Before that, special men had been employed in an endeavour to keep the river clear, and these patrolled by day and by night, breaking up the ice with heavy irons and long poles.

THE THAMES AT ITS BLEAKEST: THE WINTRY SCENE NEAR SUNBURY, AKIN TO MANY OTHERS THAT WERE TO BE WITNESSED ON THE PARTIALLY-FROZEN RIVER.



CYCLING ON THE RIVER: A REMARKABLE LITTLE EPISODE OF THE FREEZING-OVER OF THE ISIS, WHICH WAS ENTIRELY BLOCKED BY ICE DURING THE COLD SPELL.



WHERE THE ICE EXTENDED FROM BANK TO BANK: THE THAMES FROZEN OVER NEAR GORING DURING THE SEVERE FROST.

When the Oxford University Boat-Race crew went to Henley for practice, they found ice on the river there. In the morning, indeed, the waters were frozen from bank to bank by Temple Island, Phyllis Court, and between the bridge and the promenade gardens. There, as else-



BELOW BRIDGE AT HENLEY, TO WHICH THE OXFORD CREW MIGRATED FOR PRACTICE: THE RIVER WITH ICE OF SOME THICKNESS UPON IT.

where, the Thames Conservancy Board officials were at work and a good deal of navigation was made possible. Indeed, during the week-end the officials announced that there was a free discharge over every weir, and that the main navigation channels were being kept open.

THE CONTINENT'S ARCTIC WEATHER: FROZEN RIVERS, AND ICE-BOUND SHIPS.



THE POPULATION OF VIENNA FLOCKS TO SEE THE DANUBE FROZEN.

The cold spell in Vienna brought great hardships. Writing on February 16, a "Sunday Times" correspondent said: "Hundreds of thousands of families have their gas and water pipes frozen, and with no coal are obliged to migrate to the cafes and restaurants during the day. Food prices are steadily rising, and the scarcity of many foodstuffs is already appreciable. There are coal queues everywhere."

CROSSING THE FROZEN MERWEDE AT DORDRECHT BY SANDED PATHWAYS.

In Holland recently all river traffic was brought to a standstill by the severe frost. Most of the "flying" bridges could not be set in motion, so that some towns were difficult to reach. Near Dordrecht the ice on the river Merwe was strong enough to bear traffic, and special pathways, covered with sand and gravel, were made for pedestrians.



A PASSENGER-STEAMER, ICEBOUND NEAR COPENHAGEN, RECEIVING SUPPLIES CONVEYED TO IT BY SLED.

The Danish steamer "C. E. Tietgen" (seen on the left) was icebound for nearly a week in the Sound, near Copenhagen, with 200 passengers, who suffered agonies from intense cold. Efforts to remove them failed, but provisions were taken to the ship by sleds hauled across the floes from an ice-breaker. On February 12 over sixty ships were icebound in Danish waters, and 1400 people were marooned on board ferries, with provisions running low.



A BATTLE-SHIP AS ICE-BREAKER: THE BOW (LEFT) OF THE "SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN" CRUSHING THROUGH ICE.

In a message of February 13, the Berlin correspondent of the "Times" stated: "The battle-ships 'Elsass' and 'Schleswig-Holstein' yesterday freed French, Russian, English, and Danish ships from the ice. They are carrying on to-day. The work was rendered difficult by the movement from their reported positions (owing to the drifting of the ice) of the



CARRYING PROVISIONS BY SLED TO ICEBOUND SHIPS OFF THE BALTIC COAST.

The exact locality of this scene is not stated on the photograph, which comes from a German source. A Berlin message of the 13th stated that rescue work in the western Baltic was continuing, and that aircraft were taking part in it. An example of such relief operations by a German aeroplane is illustrated on another page in this number. At some places provisions were taken by sled to ships near the shore.



A GERMAN BATTLE-SHIP TO THE RESCUE OF AN ICEBOUND MERCHANT-STEAMER IN THE BALTIC.

imprisoned ships, of which there are still believed to be about 25 in the western Baltic. The pack is being driven from east to west through the Fehmarn Belt, and is piling up in Kiel Bay. The Elbe is frozen over from Hamburg to Dresden. . . . Aeroplanes made expeditions to the North Sea and Baltic Islands . . . and reported that several ships were flying distress signals."

THE SIMPLON EXPRESS SNOWED-UP FOR TEN DAYS IN THRACE: THE TRAIN ALONGSIDE ANOTHER IN DEEP DRIFTS.



THE SIMPLON EXPRESS, FROM PARIS TO CONSTANTINOPLE, SNOW-BOUND FOR TEN DAYS AT THE VILLAGE STATION OF CHERKES KEUL, IN EASTERN THRACE: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE, SHOWING THE FROZEN LOCOMOTIVE EMBEDDED IN A DEEP DRIFT OF SNOW, AND A GANG OF MEN AT WORK DIGGING OUT THE REST OF THE TRAIN, WHOSE PASSENGERS (WITH THOSE FROM ANOTHER TRAIN)—TOOK REFUGE IN THE STATION BUFFET, AND PASSED THE TIME IN PLAYING CARDS, READING, AND DANCING TO A GRAMOPHONE.



THE SNOWED-UP ENGINE OF THE SIMPLON EXPRESS AT CHERKES KEUL: (ON THE LEFT) THE CONSTANTINOPLE-SOFIA TRAIN ALONGSIDE, WITH A 9-FT. SNOW-DRIFT BETWEEN THE TWO TRAINS.



SNOW-BOUND ALONGSIDE THE SIMPLON EXPRESS (BEHIND IT) AT CHERKES KEUL: THE ORDINARY TRAIN (BOUND IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION) FROM CONSTANTINOPLE TO SOFIA.



SOME OF THE EIGHTEEN PASSENGERS OF THE SIMPLON EXPRESS, AMONG WHOM WAS A KING'S MESSENGER: LEAVING THE RESTAURANT CAR AT THE VILLAGE STATION OF CHERKES KEUL.

The Simplon-Orient express, which left Paris on the evening of January 29, and was due at Constantinople on the afternoon of February 1, was snowed up for ten days at Cherkas Keul, a village station in eastern Thrace, some sixty miles from Constantinople. Among the passengers (fifteen men and three women) were Mr. Oustance, a King's Messenger, and Miss Poole, private secretary to the British Ambassador in Turkey. The Embassy made every effort to communicate with the passengers, and sent a parcel of food, hoping that it could be carried by men along the line. There was no telegraph. In the absence of an engine fitted with a snow-plough, gangs of men began to clear away the deep drifts, but the work made slow progress. Meanwhile, another train, which had left Constantinople on February 1, with 250 passengers, (including Mgr. Roncalli, Archbishop of Aeropolis and Apostolic Visitor to Bulgaria),

was also snowed up at Cherkas Keul for ninety-six hours, alongside the Simplon express, from which it was separated by snowdrifts 9 ft. deep. While the locomotives were frozen, and heating in the train was impossible, all the passengers were huddled together in the station buffet. They kept up their spirits and passed the time by playing cards, reading, gramophone music, and dancing. A German ballerina gave improvised performances. The neighbouring villagers were friendly, and food was provided by the Chemins de Fer Orientaux. Between Cherkas Keul and Constantinople five local trains were also snow-bound at different points. The Simplon express eventually arrived at Constantinople on February 12—eleven days late. The passengers all felt sure that, if the express had not stopped at Cherkas Keul, or some other station, they would have died from cold and hunger.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

THREE LEADING LADIES.—ABOUT LILY LANGTRY.

THERE was a charming scene on the stage of the Playhouse after the curtain had fallen on Mr. Somerset Maugham's fine play, "The Sacred Flame"—perhaps his finest since "The Circle." The audience, breathless through the whole of the third act, burst forth in an ovation of unmistakable portent. It was their tribute to the playwright and the players; and as Mr. Maugham, who had watched his work from a corner, had suddenly disappeared, the actors came in for the friendly tornado, only to be stemmed by a speech. Meanwhile, from the gallery came shouts of "Cooper!" "Jerrold!" "Eames!" Then happened a pretty incident, almost unique in our theatre. Miss Gladys Cooper came forward, tendered her right hand to Miss Mary Jerrold, her left to Miss Clare Eames, and in a few cordial words returned thanks for "myself and my two leading ladies." The action was all the more appealing since it exactly expressed what everyone felt. Here was a case in which there was not one star, but three.

Miss Gladys Cooper's own performance was charming and full of feeling. She looked younger and more beautiful than ever. She let us feel, by gentle restraint, that she realised to the full the dilemma of the young wife, between pity for her disabled husband and passion—bridled by discretion—for her lover. Rightly, she perceived that this was not an opportunity for flamboyancy, but for repression. If we were to sympathise with her as the author intended, she had, as it were, to remain in the background, for around her the battle was fought by the two women who duelled for her fate—her husband's mother for her salvation, the nurse for her destruction. Between the twain she was the quarry, and the more passively suffering she appeared, the more intensely would her performance appeal to our sympathy. This realisation was the beauty of her portrayal.

To Miss Mary Jerrold fell the part of the mother—a *mater dolorosa* if ever there was one. To her the situation was no secret. She knew what tortured the soul of the young wife: she had herself in younger days known the pangs of love for another man. She had struggled and won, and in that self-denial she had learned great understanding and tolerance; she would stop short at nothing to give that happiness to others dear to her which had been denied to herself. That led her to tender to her son the draught of deliverance which made her a murderess in the eyes of the law and religion. She was aware of it, but she did not rue it. I would not here discuss whether her act was defensible; I would only deal with Miss Jerrold's vitalisation of the character, with her art and with the subtle suavity with which she venerated an ominous supposition. And her portrayal was superb. There was not a soul in that house which did not go out in sympathy to that sweet, vivid, simple, tender little mother, who showed her strength in fighting for her son and daughter-in-law; who defied the nurse, and mellowed that formidable

opponent by a confession so frank, so heartfelt, so convincing that she, the murderess by law, won over her adversary, who apparently stood up for righteousness, but inwardly was impelled by love unanswered.

If Miss Jerrold was all femininity and gentleness, the nurse of Miss Clare Eames was outwardly all sternness and stolidity. Only the very careful observer saw in the first act that by a glance, a furtive twitch of features, she betrayed her feelings for the moribund man. Throughout, in a part most difficult, complex, and almost repellently unsympathetic, Miss Eames never flinched in her conception.

It was long after my great vogue in London, and I had almost made up my mind to rest on my laurels. But somehow those words echoed in me. I felt that if I persevered I might, in riper age, go much further than when I was merely fêted for my beauty. Then, *longo intervallo*, I got hold of "Mrs. Thompson," by W. B. Maxwell, and it obsessed me. It was not a Society part—it was the character of a business woman. It would reveal another Lily Langtry.

Here I interposed. "And it did. I saw you accidentally in the provinces, and I, who had often scoffed, remained to pray. Yes, you were a different woman; there was warmth in your voice and grip in your characterisation. Wonderfully you differentiated the business woman and the *femme de cœur*. Had the play been as successful as your acting, had it come to London in the right place, you would never have left the stage." And I began to plead. "Why don't you have a fling? Why won't you promise to come back to London and play Mrs. Alving in Ibsen's 'Ghosts'? You have but to give me your word, and I know that at least two managers would jump at the idea."

"But I am seventy," she said—she was really a little more. "Why should I go back to London and begin all over again, while I am leading here the lovely, lazy life of a *châtelaine*, and everyone comes to look me up and talk over the good old times in *dolce far niente*?" "Look into the glass," I rejoined—and she did, and smiled. Her face shone youthfully in the sunshine; her figure was as lithe as ever. I felt like piper Pan and continued to plead, fervently and persistently. "All right!" she suddenly exclaimed. "When is it to be?" "In the autumn—in October. Yes—say, yes, and leave the rest to me." And I left a happy man, for in my pocket there was a letter of agreement that she would come to London and play Mrs. Alving. We met again and again on that verandah; we discussed policy and means; she was full of joy at the prospect.

Three months elapsed. Then suddenly there came a rather sad little letter in which she said that her health was not what it was, that she had bronchial trouble, that she felt rusty and could not make up her mind to come to London in the late autumn. Would I, as "a good boy," tear up the letter and (truly feminine) not mention a word about it to anybody? "My stage chapter is closed and I will never reopen it." And so it remained. A year later I paid her another visit, and I found a great change. She was still cheerful and full of interest in all that happened in the world of the theatre. But her strange and juvenile vitality had waned—she was tired. She remained the *grande dame*, the perfect hostess, the exquisite conversationalist, but somehow she avoided speaking of the future. It was as if she longed for quietude in an easy chair among her flowers and her intimate friends. I came away with the sorrowful vision of a sun still radiant, but gently fading.



THE O.U.D.S. PRODUCTION OF "OTHELLO" AT THE NEW THEATRE, OXFORD: OTHELLO (MR. V. DYALL, CENTRE) STANDING BESIDE THE BODY OF DESDEMONA (MISS CICELY PAGET BOWMAN).

"Othello" was given by the Oxford University Dramatic Society, from February 12 to 16, at the New Theatre, Oxford, and the performance was in every respect a notable success. Othello himself was finely played by Mr. V. Dyall, of Christ Church, who is a son of that well-known actor, Mr. Franklin Dyall. The producer was Mr. Brewster Morgan, an undergraduate of St. Edmund Hall, and his results compared well with professional productions.

She seemed to pace through the action, a stony character relentlessly moving towards the goal of revenge. Yet all the while jealousy, passion, and—it



IAGO IN "OTHELLO" AT OXFORD: MR. R. P. FLEMING (CHRIST CHURCH) PRESIDENT OF THE O.U.D.S.



DESDEMONA IN THE O.U.D.S. "OTHELLO," AT OXFORD: MISS CICELY PAGET BOWMAN.



OTHELLO IN THE O.U.D.S. PRODUCTION: MR. V. DYALL (CHRIST CHURCH) AS THE MOOR OF VENICE.

was most delicately indicated by the artist—the ideal craving for the fulness of life, were raging within her. She husbanded all her emotional power until the right moment; and then she carried all before her.

Three years ago—I shall never forget that lovely February morning on Lily Langtry's verandah of "Le Leys" at Monte (she was very angry when I once put La Condamine instead of Monte in a telegram)—we sat amidst flowers, and she read me the proofs of her Memoirs. Her eyes glistened with pride when she recounted the praise of the great Coquelin, with whom she had acted in French at a charity performance. "Really my French was not good," she said, "and I shall never forget my nervousness when to the great man I had to give my first repartee. But he gave me the glad eye all the time, and I felt as if bewitched by his encouragement. Afterwards he said, 'Vous êtes une grande actrice.' I know, it was not true, but it filled me with pride and inspiration.

A RUSSIAN 17TH-CENTURY GALLEY: PIRATE CRAFT IN "VOLGA, VOLGA."



A RUSSIAN PIRATE GALLEY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, RECONSTRUCTED AND FLOATED IN A TANK 2000 FT. LONG IN A FILM STUDIO: PREPARING THE SETTING FOR SPECTACULAR SCENES IN "VOLGA, VOLGA"—A NEW PICTURE RECENTLY TRADE-SHOWN IN LONDON.



A SCENE REPORTED TO ECLIPSE THE GREAT SEA-FIGHT IN "BEN-HUR," AND RECALLING THE RECENT DISCUSSION OF THE ANCIENT ROMAN TRIREME AS THE "CRUISER" OF ANTIQUITY: ROWERS ABOARD THE PIRATE SHIP IN THE NEW FILM, "VOLGA, VOLGA."

At the London Hippodrome a few days ago there was given a "trade show" of a new and spectacular picture entitled "Volga, Volga," produced by British and Foreign Films, Ltd., by whose courtesy we give the above illustrations. It is a German film, dealing with the adventures of a Russian river pirate named Stenka Rasin, a sort of "Robin Hood" of the Volga, for he is described as "friend of the poor and robber of the rich." He is the chief of a reckless band who are all vowed to celibacy, but romance—and afterwards tragedy—enter the plot when a woman is smuggled aboard the pirate ship and its captain

falls in love with her. The part of Stenka is played by Herr Hans Schlettow. For the purposes of the film a seventeenth-century pirate galley was specially reconstructed and floated in a tank 2000 ft. long in the studio. On the deck of this craft are laid the principal scenes, which are said to surpass the fighting galleys in the well-known film of "Ben-Hur." The above photograph of the rowers recalls the recent discussions regarding the arrangement of oars in a Roman trireme—the "cruiser" of antiquity—and the illustrations of the subject given in our issue of February 9.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



AFTER THE SIGNING OF THE DOCUMENTS THAT SETTLED THE "ROMAN QUESTION," AND MADE POPE PIUS XI. A TEMPORAL SOVEREIGN: THE GREAT CROWD GATHERED OUTSIDE ST. PETER'S TO RECEIVE THE PAPAL BLESSING.

As noted in our last issue, in which a photograph of the event was given, Cardinal Gasparri and Signor Mussolini signed the three documents that settled the "Roman question" on February 11, in the Council Hall of the Lateran Palace. On the following day his Holiness the Pope, now a



POPE PIUS XI. AFTER HE HAD BEEN "FREED" AND HAD BECOME A TEMPORAL SOVEREIGN AND RULER OF THE NEW "VATICAN CITY": HIS HOLINESS, ACCOMPANIED BY MEMBERS OF HIS COURT, ABOUT TO BLESS THE ASSEMBLED MULTITUDE. temporal Sovereign, was present at the solemn celebration in St. Peter's of the seventh anniversary of his coronation. Afterwards he appeared on the central balcony and from thence conferred the Apostolic Benediction on the City and the World.

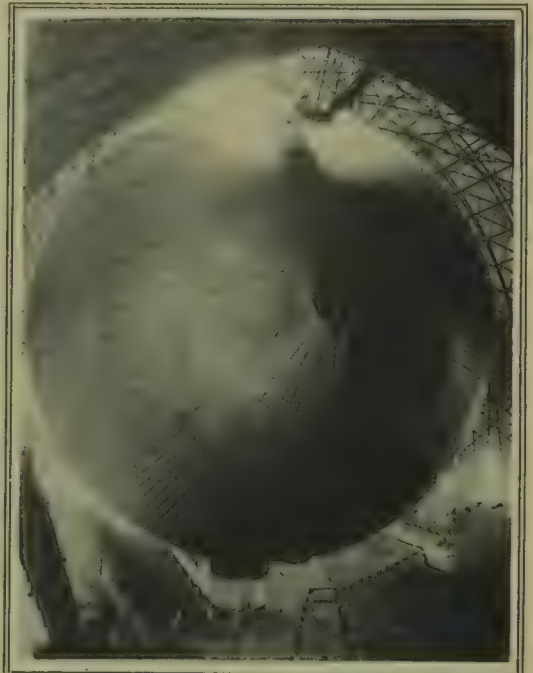


AFTER HE HAD BEEN RESTORED TO TEMPORAL POWER AND HAD BECOME RULER OF THE "VATICAN CITY": POPE PIUS XI.



THE GREAT LOAN EXHIBITION OF ENGLISH DECORATIVE ART AT LANSDOWNE HOUSE: THE MODEL OF A TUDOR BANQUETING HALL IN WHICH THE QUEEN WAS PARTICULARLY INTERESTED.

On February 18, her Majesty visited the Exhibition of English Decorative Art which is being held to help the funds of the Invalid Children's Aid Association. She was exceedingly interested, and spent a considerable time at Lansdowne House. The model Tudor Banqueting Hall illustrated was lent by Major Robert Woodhouse, and is so "thorough" that even its tiny silver-ware is hall-marked!



AN AIRSHIP THAT IS SUCKED FORWARD: THE NOSE OF THE NEW U.S. DIRIGIBLE; SHOWING THE "FAN." The new all-metal airship is fitted with steam turbines which, instead of working propellers, drive a "fan" which draws in air from in front of the airship. "A partial vacuum is thus created ahead of the airship," says the "Mail." "This causes a suction effect, while the air-flow rearward sets up pressure at the back of the hull and drives the airship forward."



THE QUEEN AT BOGNOR: HER MAJESTY LEAVING PAGHAM PARISH CHURCH, AFTER ATTENDING DIVINE SERVICE THERE ON FEBRUARY 17.

It will be recalled that the Queen was to have attended Divine service in Pagham church, near Craigwell House, on Sunday, February 10, but was unable to do so owing to fatigue. She attended the morning service there, however, on the following Sunday. In the photograph, Lady Bertha



THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE WHITE CITY: THE QUEEN, THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND PRINCE GEORGE AT THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR.

Dawkins, Lady-in-Waiting, is seen following her Majesty, and behind Lady Bertha is Sir Clive Wigram. On the 19th, her Majesty, who had stayed in London for the night, visited the British Industries Fair at the White City. There she again showed her characteristic keen interest.

THE SALE OF THE PRINCE'S STUD: "JUST AN IDEA"; AND "LOTS."

THE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PRINCE "UP" ON "JUST AN IDEA" BY W. A. ROUGH. (COPYRIGHT.)



"UP" ON THE OLD FAVOURITE HE IS NOT SELLING: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES RIDING "JUST AN IDEA," WHICH HAS NEVER FAILED HIM AND IS BEING RETIRED.



"CARK COURTIER": AN 8-YEAR-OLD BROWN GELDING.



"DÉGOMMÉ": A 9-YEAR-OLD BAY MARE.



"LADY DOON": A BROWN MARE (1919).

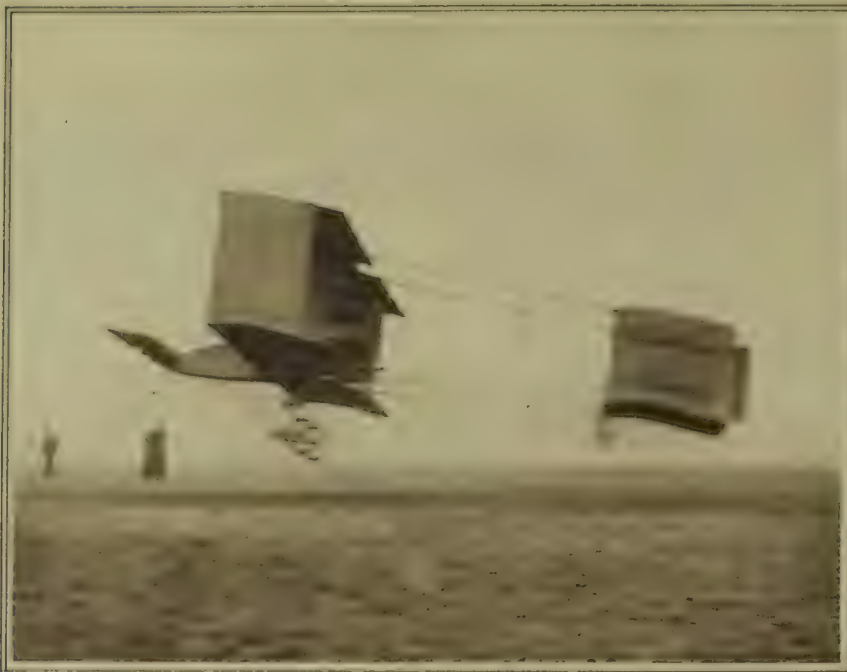


"MISS GRIS": A BROWN MARE (1921).

As we have noted before, the extra duties entailed upon the Prince of Wales by the illness of the King have determined his Royal Highness to abandon hunting and point-to-point racing for the time being, at all events, and to sell the greater part of his stud. The auction, indeed, will take place to-day (February 23), at Leicester. Altogether, the Prince is disposing of twelve horses, "all . . . hunted to date by owner, with the Quorn, Belvoir, and Cottesmore hounds." He is, however, retaining one old favourite, which is to be retired, it is understood, to his Royal Highness's farm at Lenton, although it will remain at Craven Lodge for a while. This is "Just an Idea," which has never stumbled with its rider, however stiff the country; and it was on it that the Prince rode in one of his first attempts in point-to-point races, in March, 1923. It is not a big jumper, but distinctly neat. The last occasion on which his Royal Highness disposed of horses was in 1925, when six hunters fetched an aggregate of 727 guineas.



"MISS MUFFIT": A 7-YEAR-OLD BAY MARE.



OFFICIALLY ADJUDGED TO BE THE FIRST BRITISH SUBJECT TO FLY AN AEROPLANE IN BRITAIN: COLONEL MOORE-BRABAZON FLYING HIS MACHINE IN 1909.

A Royal Aero Club committee has just officially decided "who was the British subject to make the first flight in a heavier-than-air aircraft in the British Isles, and the date of such flight." The award was given to Lieut.-Col. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, M.P., for his flight made at Eastchurch on May 2, 1909. A portrait of him appears on page 323 in this number.



A RELIC OF A BRONZE-AGE PILE-DWELLING FOUND BESIDE THE THAMES AT BRENTFORD, NEAR LONDON.

The above photographs show two of the most interesting items in the Exhibition of Recent Work in British Archaeology, opened at University College, Gower Street, on February 19. On the left is a section of a Bronze Age pile-dwelling floor, formed of clay and wattle in alternate layers, found at Brentford near the junction of the Brent and the Thames. The reconstruction is largely



A TERRIFIC GASOMETER EXPLOSION IN BERLIN, BUT NO LIVES LOST.

At 2.30 a.m. on February 17, a big gasometer (one of a pair) of 40,000 cubic metres capacity, and three parts full, in the northern part of Berlin, blew up with a terrific explosion. The only people injured (not seriously) were a night watchman and some belated revellers. Fires broke out, and it was feared the second gasometer might explode, as burning gas fell on the roof, but firemen extinguished all the outbreaks. Nothing remained of the great iron gas container enclosed in a brick structure 80 ft. high, and fragments were blown half a mile round.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



A SNOW DISASTER ON THE RIVIERA: THE COLLAPSE OF A ROOF AT NICE.

The exceptionally heavy snowfall on the Riviera, during the recent period of Arctic weather in Europe, caused a disaster in Nice on February 14. The roof of the great Renault garage collapsed under the weight of snow, and it was reported that one person was killed and a number of others injured. The damage was estimated at 3,000,000 francs (£24,000), including the loss of the building itself, and 130 motor-cars inside it, which were crushed by the ruins of the roof.



A MODEL OF THE PALACE OF THE ANCIENT KINGS OF CONNACHT RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN IRELAND.

composed of the original materials. The right-hand photograph shows a model of the foundations of a house that probably formed part of the palace of the Kings of Connacht in the second and third centuries A.D. The excavations made at Uisneach Hill, Co. Westmeath, showed that the building had stood on the site of a sanctuary of still earlier date—probably of the Bronze Age.



FROST BAFFLES THE FIRE BRIGADE AT THE BURNING OF LEYDEN'S TOWN HALL.

The historic Town Hall of Leyden was burnt down on February 12, with all its archives and antiquities. The fire began at 4.30 a.m., and the fire brigade soon arrived, but had to cut a hole in the canal ice to get water. The Hague brigade, which also came, was delayed for an hour, as the engine was frozen. The temperature was the lowest recorded in Holland for many years, and, as our photograph shows, the water from the hoses froze on the building. The Town Hall was built in 1595. A previous building was partly destroyed by fire in 1481.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:



SIR WASHINGTON RANGER.
The blind solicitor who did splendid work for the blind and was formerly Chairman of the National Institute for the Blind, and associated with St. Dunstan's. Died on Feb. 13, aged eighty.



MISS ANNE SPENCER MORROW.
Engaged to marry Col. Lindbergh, the "lone" Atlantic flier. Younger daughter of Mr. Dwight Morrow, U.S. Ambassador to Mexico.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



ADMIRAL SIR FRANCIS BRIDGEMAN.
The first Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet in the North Sea, the nucleus of the force that was to be known as the Grand Fleet. Formerly First Sea Lord. Born, Dec. 7 1848; died, Feb. 17.

H. E. T. MATSUDAIRA.

The new Japanese Ambassador to this country, in which he arrived on Feb. 13. He is the father-in-law of Prince Chichibu, heir-presumptive to the Japanese Throne. Comes here from Washington.



MR. CHARLES McEVY.
Dramatist and author. Wrote "The Likes of 'Er.'" First an ordnance engineer; then on the "Echo." Brother of the late Ambrose McEvoy, the distinguished painter. Died on Feb. 17 at the age of forty-nine.



LT.-COL. MOORE-BRABAZON.
The Royal Aero Club has decided that Lt.-Col. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, M.P., was the first British subject to make a flight in an aeroplane in the British Isles. This was on May 2, 1909.



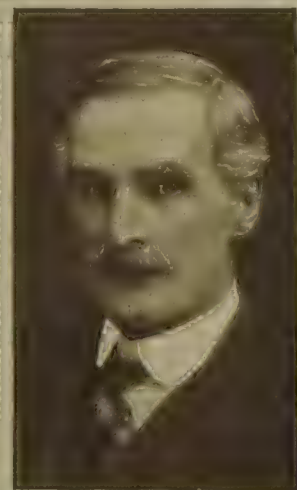
MR. G. W. SHIELD, M.P.
New M.P. (Lab.) for the Wansbeck Division of Northumberland. Retains the seat for his party. The voting was: Lab., 20,398; Con., 9612; Lib., 5183. At the last Election: Lab., 21,159; Con., 18,875.



M. CAMERLYNCK.
Chief Interpreter and Translator at the Peace and other Conferences, and Interpreter to the League Council, the Reparations Commission, and the Transfer Committee. Died on Feb. 12, aged 51.



SIR BERTRAM WINDLE.
Professor of Anthropology in St. Michael's College, Toronto University, and formerly President of University College, Cork. Wrote on religion and on science. An F.R.S. Died on Feb. 14, aged seventy.



SIR HERCULES READ.
The distinguished antiquary and art expert. Formerly Keeper of British and Mediæval Antiquities and Ethnography, British Museum. A Trustee of the Sir John Soane's Museum. Died on Feb. 11, aged seventy-one.



THE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER (DR. W. O. BURROWS).
Found dead in Lollards' Tower, Lambeth Palace, on the morning of February 13. Passed away in his sleep. Formerly Bishop of Truro (1912-19). Became Bishop of Chichester in 1919. Born, November 9, 1858.



THE NEW HEAD OF THE SALVATION ARMY AND HIS WIFE: "GENERAL" EDWARD J. HIGGINS AND MRS. HIGGINS.
On Feb. 13, the High Council of the Salvation Army elected Commissioner E. J. Higgins, the Chief of Staff, as "General." The new leader of the Army, who is a C.B.E., has held various appointments in that great organisation, including that of Chief Secretary in America and Assistant Foreign Secretary. He married Miss Catherine Price, of Penarth, and has four sons and three daughters.



THE BISHOP OF LEWES (DR. W. C. STREATFEILD).
Died suddenly in a train while travelling from Lewes to Eastbourne on February 15. Appointed to his suffragan bishopric last September. Had long service in Sussex, particularly at Eastbourne.



IT makes one feel quite young again to write about Japanese art. At this date, one can hardly hope to recapture the enthusiasms of the 'Nineties, when, at the hands of a few more or less imperfectly informed experts, the amazing technical processes and the innate artistry of the subject were beginning to be revealed to persons of taste. There were collectors in those days—perhaps there still are, but somehow one does not hear much of them. And treasures were available for the collectors. Japan had hardly settled down after the convulsions of the Revolution of 1868; and her new politics and aspirations, the general atmosphere of change pervading the great towns, did not tend to the encouragement of the arts in Japan—old or new. Many of the great European collections were made about this time, either by direct purchase through agents in Japan, or from the importation by merchants. On the whole, no great harm was done by the process. The Japanese Government found time to check the spoliation of the temples; and these still contain many invaluable objects, quite unrivalled in the West, which are now safeguarded for ever. That splendid official publication, "Japanese Temples and their Treasures," provides a most satisfactory record, and is, in fact, the leading authority on the subject—a subject so large that it must be considered in instalments.

Curiously enough, amid the flood of literature on the arts and crafts of Japan, very little has been written about lacquer, in many ways the most attractive of all of them. The extraordinary properties of this substance are still by no means generally known. It is the natural sap of a tree, and hardens on exposure to light to such an extent as to be capable of taking a brilliant polish, rivalling even that of highly-glazed ceramic wares. To describe fully the almost inconceivably elaborate processes by which, on a basis of thin wood, it is ultimately brought to perfection, is beyond the scope of these notes. Repeated coats of lacquer, each allowed to harden and then polished down, are required before the decorative artist begins his work—a matter of eighteen or twenty days. What space of time the latter may need depends on the design and the process of decoration selected—it may be weeks or months. The result is one of the most beautiful of all the handicrafts: a deep and incomparable glossy black, perhaps, or a rich pattern of gold set on a ground into the apparent depths of which you can look, as it were into ice. The fine lacquer of Japan is one of the most satisfying of all its arts. Chinese lacquer is equally wonderful, but on entirely different lines; and the Japanese ware is more intimately allied with the tastes and culture of the people—not for temple or ceremonial use, but an appanage of people of culture, an integral part of their domestic life.

Not that the use of lacquer was confined to the upper classes. On the contrary, lacquer-ware was the chief item in the domestic equipment of all classes, to the almost complete exclusion of pottery. For this purpose it possessed qualities that fill us with envy. It would endure great heat, was easily cleaned and practically unbreakable. When a maid dropped a lacquer cup, it was more likely to bounce than to break. And it resisted acids. But the fine work to which the great artist-lacquerers applied their genius was another matter. Many of the *daimyō* in Feudal Japan gave lacquerers permanent and honourable employment. In the earliest history of the art, the post of supervisor of the lacquer industry was a high Court appointment.

There was another factor in the life of Old Japan which had a most important bearing on the subject of these notes. Handwriting was one of the fine arts—ranking at least equally in public estimation

with the art of painting. A fine specimen of calligraphy by one of those famous for skill therein would be cherished as a treasure of the first importance—to be brought out on some special occasion only for the admiration of a particularly honoured guest, whose taste was considered sufficiently unexceptionable to justify the privilege. Our handwriting being of less than no account in artistic merit, the tools we use for it are, generally, equally contemptible. It seems, for instance, to have been rather like a revelation when, some years ago, it suddenly dawned on someone that all fountain-pens need not necessarily be black. Our ink-stands have rarely been respectable in the past, and are now well towards complete extinction. But the Japanese, increasingly cultivating beauty in calligraphy, produced writing tools worthy of that high ideal. And to this end the efforts of the best lacquer-artists for many centuries have been devoted.

A set of writing implements was contained in a shallow box, whose dimensions might vary (being, as a rule, nearly but not quite square) from a larger side of four or six to nine or ten inches, and with a depth rarely exceeding two inches. Early boxes are apt to be the smaller. I have seen a Japanese illustration, in a book of antiquities, of the writing-box of the Lady Murasaki, whose adventures are now being so delightfully revealed to us by Mr. Arthur Waley. How far the pedigree is justified, one cannot well say; but, in scale with other illustrations, this box could not well be more than four inches square. Its decoration, if any, is not evident. When one

beautifully written on a "poem-card," one can begin to understand the importance of the implements of this ancient and charming culture.

The writing-box, then, was nearly square (circular or other shapes occur at times), with slightly overlapping lid. Its chief contents were a rack for brushes, with a pointer for stringing together the narrow slips of paper used; the inkstone; and the water-bottle. For the secret of the artistic beauty of Japanese (and Chinese) calligraphy is that it is all written with the brush, the perfect mastery of which, instilled from

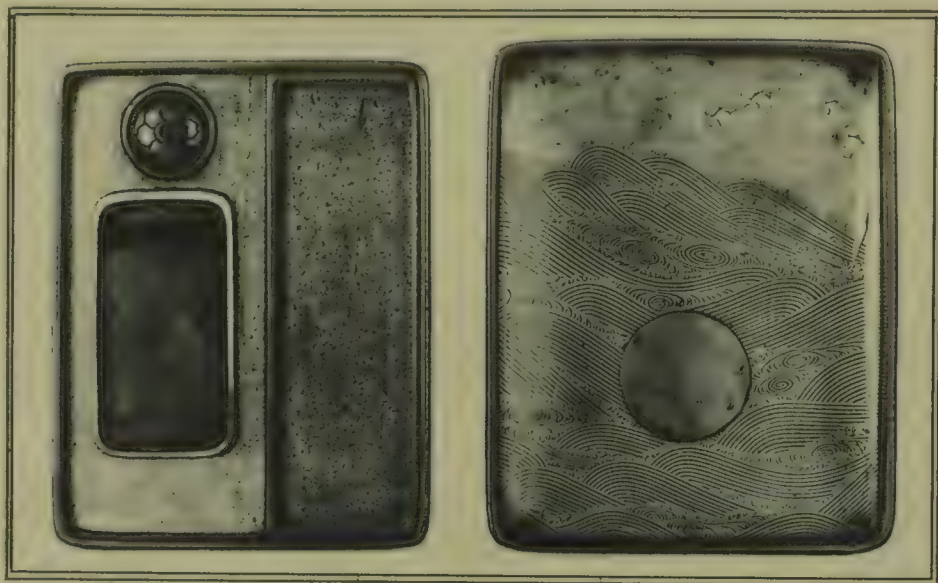


FIG. 1. THE CHARM OF JAPANESE LACQUER WRITING-BOXES: AN EXAMPLE OF THE EARLY FIFTEENTH CENTURY, WHEN GOOD WORK IN THESE PRODUCTS BEGAN.

On the right is the interior of the cover, with conventional waves and sea-birds in gold lacquer, and the setting sun in pewter. On the left is the lower portion of the box, with a tray for brushes, a carved pewter water-bottle, and inkstone. The ground is of fine "pear-skin" gold lacquer.

childhood, was the basis of all the technical excellence of Far Eastern painting and writing. The little water-bottle, often, as in Fig. 2, made in some fanciful shape, and of silver or copper, gives just the few drops of water necessary for the grinding of the Chinese ink on the stone, with its shallow depression at the head to give depth enough for the brush. These ink-stones were made by very low-grade artisans, whose modesty, however, did not prevent an occasional addition to the maker's signature of some such phrase as "First in the World." But to the production of the writing-box itself, the first artists in lacquer devoted the best of their talent. Kōyetsu (1557-1637); his immediate and better-known follower, Kōrin; the Kōnia family, who for eleven generations held the Court appointment of lacquerer to the Shōgun; and Shunshō and Kajikawa of Kiōto, are a few of the great names to be treasured by the collector—if he can find examples of their work!

We have said nothing, so far, of the exquisite decoration of these boxes, in finest gold of infinite variety of hue; or in colour, with perhaps gold or silver or pewter inlay, or the deep black especially valued by the Japanese expert. The subject of the decoration is always symbolical, and often refers to one of the famous poems. We give two examples, one of the early fifteenth century (Fig. 1), with simple wave forms, sea-birds in gold, and the setting sun in inlaid pewter. The water-bottle is of carved pewter. The other (Fig. 2) has a pair of mandarin ducks on a rock near a stream, in gold lacquer in relief on a black ground. On the left is the lower portion of the box, with a frame for brushes, etc., in the form of waves and clouds, and a silver water-bottle in the shape of a flying crane.

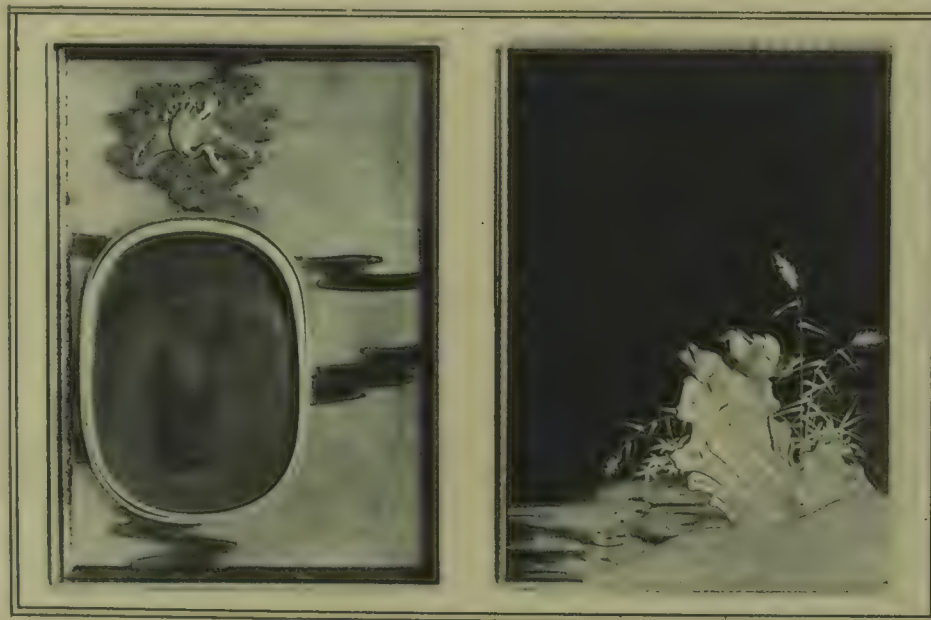


FIG. 2. A JAPANESE LACQUER WRITING-BOX OF THE LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: AN EXAMPLE FROM THE CLOSE OF THE PERIOD OF GOOD WORK.

The interior of the cover (on the right) is decorated with mandarin ducks on a rock near a stream, in gold lacquer in relief on a black ground. On the left is the lower portion of the box, with a frame for brushes, etc., in the form of waves and clouds, and a silver water-bottle in the shape of a flying crane.

Both Photographs by Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

realises not only the importance of handwriting, but the fact that, from the sixth or seventh century of our era, every emotion experienced by a Japanese aristocrat, male or female, was apt to produce a little gem of poetry—three or five lines only,—to be

period of good work. But I do not know where the collector now is to find worthy examples. The great collections of the last generation in London, Paris, and elsewhere have mainly been dispersed. A good deal of the best work has gone back to Japan.

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OUTSIDE THE PRESENT
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QUAINT MODERNIST ARCHITECTURE IN BARCELONA : THE JANITOR'S LODGE
IN GÜELL PARK, WITH MOSAIC ON ROOF AND TOWER.



COMPARED TO " A GINGERBREAD HOUSE IN A FAIRY-TALE " : A VILLA
IN GÜELL PARK, BARCELONA, WITH ITS CURIOUSLY SHAPED MOSAIC ROOF.

Barcelona, whose great Exhibition this year will attract visitors from all over the world, is at once a city of historic fame, as old as Carthage, and a commercial centre known as "the Chicago of Spain." It is a place of abounding vitality, associated with progressive ideas both in politics and art. While the older parts of the city possess many fine buildings in the traditional manner, there has of late years been a tendency towards a startling modernist style of architecture. The pioneer was the late Señor Gaudí, whose work culminated in the remarkable Temple of the Holy Family illustrated above. (Detailed photographs of it appeared in our

issue of December 17, 1927.) Begun some thirty years ago, it is still unfinished, and, as it is paid for by voluntary contributions, the work proceeds slowly. It stands in what are at present the environs of Barcelona, but when completed, in twenty or thirty years, it is expected to be in the centre of the future city, vastly extended, with a population treble that of to-day. This building, with its exuberance of naturalistic carving, has been likened to "some strange orchid." Smaller modernist structures have been compared to "gingerbread houses in a fairy-tale." The new quarter is laid out in symmetrical blocks, and some streets will be eight or ten miles long.

NEAR BARCELONA—THE TOWN WHERE, IN 1929, AN IMPORTANT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION WILL BE HELD.



In few spots in the world has Nature lavished its splendour as on the Mediterranean coast of Spain. Dotted here and there picturesque garb of their forefathers. Among these is SITGES, which certain notable American personalities, among them the

are delightful villages and hamlets which still preserve the peacefulness of olden times, the simplicity of their customs and the well-known Mr. DEARING, have selected as a sheltered and colourful retreat. SITGES is situated thirty miles from Barcelona.

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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THAT blessed word, "Reparations," has been heard in the land a good deal of late, and across the Channel the experts have gathered to the financial feast. I suppose we ought all to be thrilled at the prospect, but I fear that the general feeling is one of apathy, as the benefits accruing to the individual taxpayer are apt to be slightly impalpable. Inasmuch, however, as the question of Reparations is involved in the larger question of the reconciliation of Europe, the results of those expert endeavours may actually concern us more than we imagine.

To the task of reconciling Europe few men have contributed more effectively than the distinguished author of "AN AMBASSADOR OF PEACE." Pages from the Diary of Viscount D'Abernon (Berlin, 1920-26), Vol. I. From Spa (1920) to Rapallo (1922). With Historical Notes by Maurice Alfred Gerthwohl, Litt.D. Frontispiece Portrait and folding Map of the German Frontier. (Hodder and Stoughton; 21s.). Two other volumes are promised later, carrying the story respectively from Rapallo to the Reparation Settlement of 1924, and thence to Locarno (1925) and of Germany's entry into the League of Nations (1926). As Ambassador to Berlin from 1920 to 1926, Lord D'Abernon possesses an inside knowledge of his subject, while both in his introductory survey and in his Diary, which forms the bulk of the book, he writes with vigour and lucidity, as well as literary charm. His style on occasion is marked by a happy turn for epigram, as when, in his chapter of personal character sketches, he says of the late Lord Curzon: "There was an air of profuse magnificence in his diction. He lisped in Gibbon, for the Gibbon came." In view of the author's statement that this chapter is restricted to "those for whom I feel a special admiration," it is interesting to mention the other subjects—namely, Mr. Lloyd George, the late Dr. Rathenau, M. Briand, Lord Balfour, and General Weygand.

As to the future, Lord D'Abernon is optimistic. "Anyone," he writes, "who will contrast the condition of public opinion in Western Europe to-day with that which prevailed from 1920 to 1923 will realise how vast the progress has been." To the general reader, inexperienced in high politics and high finance, perhaps the most interesting part of the book will be that discussing German character and mentality. "The country," he writes, "which Queen Victoria called in the 1840's 'our dear little Germany' probably deserves these two epithets less than any in the dictionary." Regarding the physical aspect of the average Teuton, he remarks: "It has been said that the German figure is the only successful attempt yet made to square the circle—in that it is at once square and round." Lord D'Abernon then touches on the modern German fervour for sport and games, in imitation of the English. "There is little or no hostility to England of a pronounced character except indeed among . . . officers whose professional careers have been suddenly curtailed." The great argument for admitting Germany to the League of Nations, Lord D'Abernon points out, was the danger of her union with Communistic Russia, a danger which affected France no less than the British Empire.

An incidental allusion by Lord D'Abernon "to an interesting dinner in Paris on 24th of January, 1921," when "Lloyd George had much chaff with Sir Henry Wilson" brings me to a book entitled "THREE PERSONS." With Portraits. By Sir Andrew Macphail, LL.D. (Murray; 10s. 6d.). The three persons are "Sir Henry Wilson, who revealed himself in his *Life and Diaries*; Colonel E. M. House, in his *Intimate Papers*; and Colonel T. E. Lawrence, less clearly, in *Seven Pillars of Wisdom and Revolt in the Desert*." Like Lord D'Abernon, Sir Andrew Macphail is deeply concerned with the question of War and Peace, but from a different angle of view. "The way of peace," he says, "lies not in dreams and fiction, but upon the firm resolve of every nation, openly proclaimed, that there is an ultimate object for which they will fight. . . . Descent into war is easy; the civil conduct of war difficult. These three persons will serve as a warning and lesson: that is the intent of this book."

Undiscriminating eulogy is so common nowadays that it is refreshing to meet a little whole-hearted condemnation. Of the *Life and Diaries* of Sir Henry Wilson we read: "The book is a cruel book; the cruelty lies not in publishing what Sir Henry Wilson says about others, but what he says about himself. . . . If on his behalf the wise rule had been observed that a soldier's diary may not be published without the consent of the War Office, any intelligent corporal-clerk would have saved him from himself." Again: "He and the editor have created a figure and not a man,

an inhuman figure, calculating, callous, without a single generous sentiment or kind word . . . a lay figure standing with long legs apart in nonchalant ease. . . . And the stone that smote this image was a book that issued forth from the mouth of it. . . . The Diary was published and he was betrayed. It makes of him the Play Boy of the Western Front." Such is one verdict on a man who made many enemies as well as many friends, the latter including Marshal Foch.

Sir Andrew Macphail's chapter on Colonel House is not so much critical as expository. The *Intimate Papers* he describes as "a revelation of the American mind." Of his own work he says: "The intent of the present writing is to show . . . how it came to pass that Colonel House attained to a position of power so immense, the familiar of European kings, the confidant of despairing statesmen, enemy and Allied, the secret emissary to warring nations:

Sir Andrew says: "It appears that 'Lawrence' also is merely a 'name of convenience,' like Ross or Shaw." One amusing result of these Protean changes was that "the head of the literary clan bearing the last name was obliged to inform a clergyman in the house of Thomas Hardy that this newest recruit was not his son."

Against the denunciation of Sir Henry Wilson in the last-named book may be set a tribute offered by a French brother-in-arms, who is at the same time a hostile critic of this country's post-war policy. It occurs in "BRITAIN AND THE WAR," A French Indictment. By General Huguet; translated by Captain H. Cotton Minchin. With Frontispiece and ten Maps (Cassell; 15s.). "May it be allowed," writes the General, "to one of those who was brought into closest contact with him, who loved him most truly, and who admired him most sincerely . . . to bring a heartfelt remembrance and a last homage to the memory of one of the most devoted and inspired servants of England . . . the constant advocate of a faithful and close entente between his country and ours?" General Huguet proceeds to deplore the alleged "crumbling" of that *rapprochement*. Among many other charges against England, he calls it "a country where money counts for everything." I trust his very anti-British epilogue may not be widely representative of French opinion.

With a French General's book on the late war may fittingly be associated the reminiscences of one of his compatriots in the Napoleonic era: a new volume in that excellent series, *Soldiers' Tales*, edited by Sir John Fortescue. It is entitled "ADVENTURES IN THE REVOLUTION AND UNDER THE CONSULATE." By Moreau de Jonnès, translated by Cyril Hammond (Peter Davies, Ltd.; 7s. 6d.). De Jonnès had an adventurous but unlucky military career, being condemned by fate, as Sir John Fortescue says, "to an eternal round of what in these days are called 'side-shows.'" It is pleasant to read that, although he fought against us and was for five years a prisoner in England, "de Jonnès was by no means unfriendly to the English. He early learned their language, and he spent one of his return voyages from the Antilles in reading Shakespeare from end to end." A companion volume in the same series is "ADVENTURES IN THE RIFLE BRIGADE." In the Peninsula, France, and the Netherlands from 1809 to 1815. By Captain J. Kincaid (Peter Davies, Ltd.; 7s. 6d.). The author fought, among many other actions, at Ciudad Rodrigo and Waterloo. Sir John Fortescue (who writes an introduction to both these volumes) describes these adventures as "a textbook for all good riflemen," and "a picture of the best army that, until 1914, England ever put into the field."

Lord D'Abernon's remark that Germans "indulge almost more than any other nation in the pleasures of the table leads me to mention here a work which suggests that, in bygone days, we may have emulated their capacity as trenchermen. I refer to "THE ENGLISH TABLE" in History and Literature. By Charles Cooper (Sampson Low; illustrated; 15s.). It is a fascinating collection of culinary lore, social customs, and humorous anecdotes. I have spotted a little mistake in spelling in a passage where the author speaks of "James Hodd (*sic*), the Ettrick Shepherd." The allusion is to an occasion when James Hogg was a guest of the Beef Steak Society, and Lord Saltoun, who was in the chair, was reprimanded for having broken some regulation, and was condemned to stand in a white sheet. In the index the incident is referred to as "White-shell punishment." I hope these misprints were not due to anyone being "under the English table" when this passage went through!

To the period of de Jonnès' earlier experiences belongs another work of French origin and of a somewhat gruesome character, entitled, "THE GUILLOTINE AND ITS SERVANTS." By G. Lenotre. Translated by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell. With Frontispiece (Hutchinson; 21s.). Readers who like blood will find plenty of it here. It is not a gay subject, and even the author expresses "a certain relief" on reaching the end. But there is a grim, unconscious humour about a letter that Sanson, the executioner, wrote to the Minister of Justice, at the height of the Terror, complaining that he was over-worked and under-paid, and mentioning his many incidental expenses, such as baskets, bran, straw, nails, packing, inscriptions, and burials. Dr. Guillotin himself, whose misunderstood connection with the machine that bears his name has been much discussed of late, seems from his portrait to have been quite a cheery soul. And here the fatal knife must fall on my own defenceless neck.

C. E. B.

Supplement to The Illustrated London News, Jan. 5, 1929.

THE DUTCH ART EXHIBITION 1929.

Gems of the Dutch Art Exhibition at Burlington House.



"THE LAUGHING GIRL."—By VERMEER VAN DELFT (1632-1675).
(Lent by the Hon. Andrew W. Mellon, of Washington, D.C.)
(Reproduction by Courtesy of Sir Joseph Duveen)

OUR ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT TO THE EXHIBITION OF DUTCH ART AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

A limited number of copies of our Supplement on the Dutch Art Exhibition at Burlington House (given with our issue of January 5) are available for purchase, separately, at the price of 6d. each, plus 2d. for inland postage, or 1d. for foreign postage. They may be obtained from the Publishing Office of "The Illustrated London News," Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2. This Supplement, whose first page is reproduced above in miniature, contains forty-four reproductions of the best pictures now on view at the Royal Academy, including works by Rembrandt, Frans Hals, Vermeer of Delft, Jan Steen, Ter Borch, Hobbema, Cuyp, Ruisdael, and many other famous Dutch painters.

the over-lord of American ambassadors, the single person whom the American President trusted and the American people regarded with homage and awe."

To the third subject of his biographical trilogy, who lately emerged from self-sought obscurity under the name of Aircraftman Shaw, Sir Andrew allots a comparatively brief portion of his book, but I think it is the most interesting. It combines some personal censure with high admiration for Colonel Lawrence's literary genius, and is divided into two sections headed respectively "The Myth" and "The Truth." His attitude to the military side of that astonishing career is indicated by his statement that "humane England found herself unwittingly conducting a cruel war in Arabia and her fame in that area committed to an artist in search of fresh emotions." Of that artist's books, on the other hand, he constantly speaks in terms of the highest praise, comparing him with Shakespeare and the Bible. Colonel Lawrence has been almost as elusive as the Scholar Gipsy, and fertile in aliases. On the authority of Mr. Robert Graves (author of "Lawrence and the Arabs")



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

AMERICAN PROGRESS IN 1929.

AN interesting feature in present-day motoring is the steady progress being made by certain American firms, as shown in the models sent over here for sale on the European market. Perhaps I should qualify the word progress, as any reflection on their ability to keep up with the leaders (to say the least of it) might be ill-received by manufacturers in the land of hurry. In many ways, particularly as regards manufacturing methods, organisation, and distribution, America has a great deal to be proud of, and in so far as providing transport for nearly everybody is concerned, no country can compete with her.

Real "European Lines" — Fifteen Years Ago.

What I mean specially by steady progress is the

advance—from our point of view—towards the design which is wanted by most people over here. As a matter of fact, this very gradual adoption of our ideas is anything but new. I remember seeing several cars at the New York show of 1914 described both on the stands and in advertisements as "of real European lines." To tell you the truth, there was not much about them which could be accurately described as European, but evidently the intention was there. Since then, by slow degrees, American cars have modified their more outstanding national characteristics, and have, to a certain extent, copied British, Italian, French, and German features. The most obvious example, in appearance, is the lowering not only of the bodies, but of the chassis. Quite

a number of American saloons, particularly in the smaller varieties, actually stand lower than the majority of our own. Indeed, in one or two cases I have noticed this flattering imitation has been carried to excess, to the curtailment of essential head-room. It is always possible to have too much of a good thing.

completely spoiling the appearance of some of our most respected cars; it is no longer an exclusively American feature. The fabric saloon does not seem as popular as it is over here, but I see no reason why this should be regarded as evidence of stagnation. It is not every fabric saloon which is either flexible or strong, silent or durable—and those are the main reasons for its introduction.

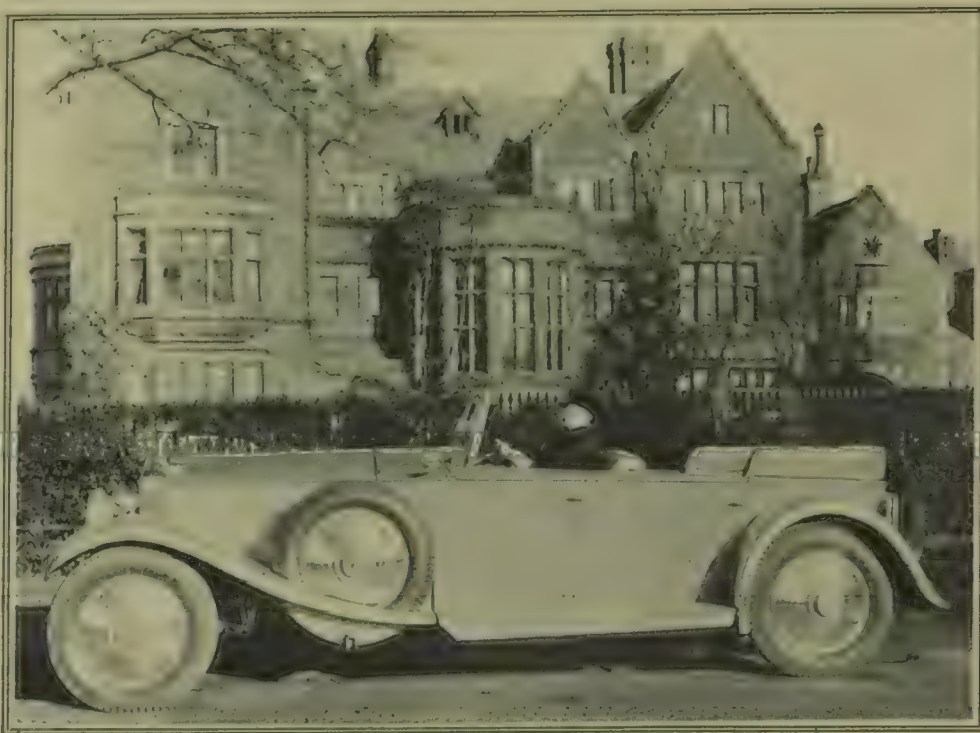
The Woolly Engine is Dead. On the mechanical side, the old

familiar "woolly" engine has gone, with its extravagance and its usually despicable performance. Its place has been taken by an engine which, if not to be mistaken for a European, embodies several of the points which distinguish the latest products on this side of the Atlantic. Pretty impressive revolution-rates are the rule; balance, though not always up to our standards, is much improved; compression is higher; and, of course, performance is a great deal better than it has ever been. In other words, American cars have at last become lively.

Four-Speed Gear-Boxes.

There are still a number of things in their design, here and there, which betray their nationality, such as external brakes for the "service" set, and "parking brakes," which are often useless for anything except keeping the car still after it has been stopped by the pedal-set; but there are signs that the most important change of all is beginning. There are cars to be had with four-speed gear-boxes. Exactly how many I am not sure, but I know of two makes so equipped, and I am told of a third. That is a real advance—in my opinion, the most important modification yet adopted. It means the

[Continued overleaf.]



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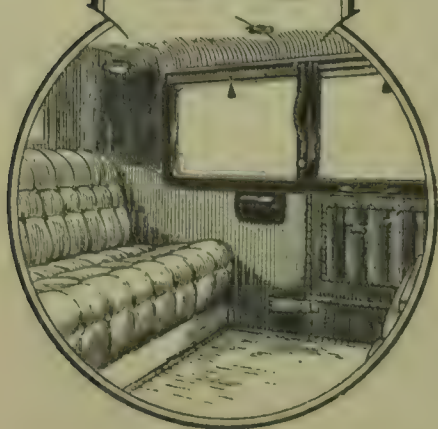
In Outward Looks. In exterior details, bumpers are still fitted, but as this hideous fashion is now spreading to European factories,

of two makes so equipped, and I am told of a third. That is a real advance—in my opinion, the most important modification yet adopted. It means the



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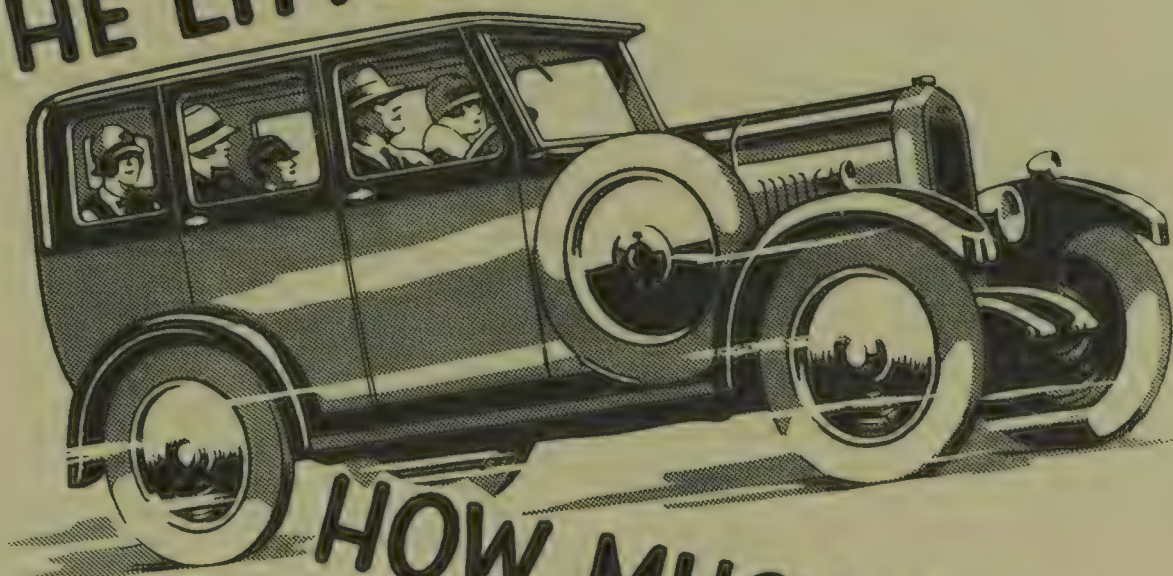
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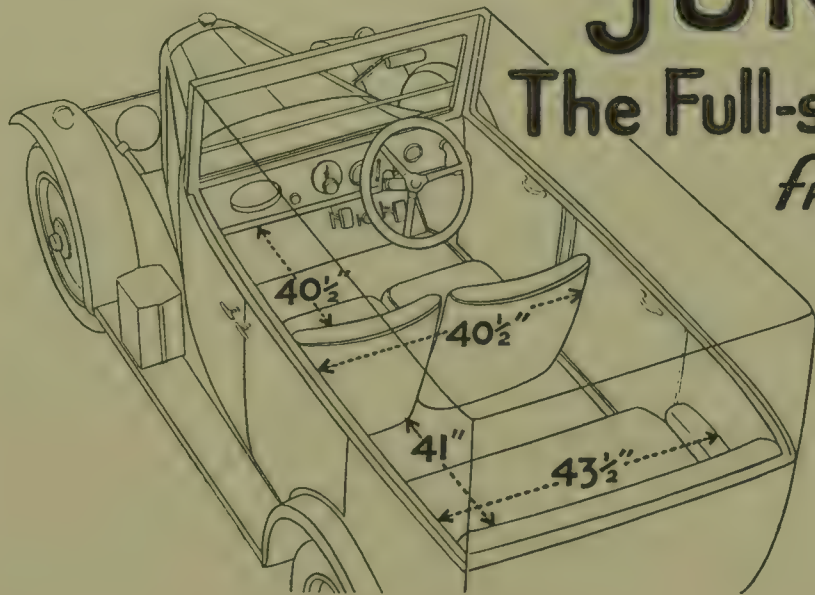
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H.P.

"MUSH ON!" THE TRAIL IN '98.
(Continued from Page 216.)

Company, whom I met at Teslin, for: "These unknown reaches of the earth have never been surveyed. You might come across anything, run into every kind of danger. So, hug the right shore whenever possible." These were his parting words when we bade him farewell at Teslin Lake, where he was to remain.

I shot the dangerous Five-Finger Rapids safely, with only a drenching from the heavy backwash. Very soon after my adventure here the C.P.N.C. dynamited a channel through the centre "Fingers" to allow their boat *Anglian*—a three-decker—to pass through. A few people have written to me stating that in their opinion the White Horse Rapids on the Skagway route were worse to pass through than the "Five-Finger." I can only surmise that they were lucky enough to have had the latter passage made easy for them by the Navigation Company, as possibly they travelled a month or so later.

At Fort Selkirk we paused long enough to examine the great natural ramparts—a sheer mass of rock strata unscalable and majestic. We also visited an Indian village here. Stewart River was our next stop, the middle reaches still called by "old timers" "Jack McQuestion" Land. The head of this river is now called Keno, where rich silver-galena deposits are being worked with the latest machinery. Only about sixty miles now from our Mecca—Dawson City; so into the Yukon went the boats again, and, now paddling, now rowing, we hastened down the great river with colours flying, so to speak: for had we not conquered an almost unknown yet beautiful land?

The two years I spent in Klondyke was mostly on the creeks. Luck, providence—what you will—still followed us. Soon after arrival I staked a fractional claim of thirty-five feet on Eldorado Bench. This was my first claim. Then I got a half-claim given to me on Sulphur Creek. The over-burden was as much as sixty feet deep, so we employed men to strip this to the gravel. In the meantime we bought a nice shallow claim up Victoria Creek from Mr. J. Berry. The first day's working proved it an ace, and we took out of that dark-red frozen gravel a lot of high-grade spikey gold. "Gold Run" and ours were the two highest grade gold-producers in the Klondyke.

The last boat on the river to leave Dawson in 1900 before King Winter cut off the Yukon territory in icy fastness for eight months was the river steamer *Flora*. On this boat we travelled to Skagway, thence on the ss. *Dolphin* to Vancouver, where a host of reporters met us, anxious to know all about the "doings."

Six days overland through the lovely Fraser Valley got us to New York, where we stayed at the sumptuous Vanderbilt Hotel just long enough to buy some decent clothing and generally polish up before meeting the folks at home.

The small poke of gold-dust which I retained from our doings with the North American Bank, just to show our folks at home, was afterwards sold to the Royal Mint.

The gentlemen there were much interested, and courteously invited us to a special running-down of this small quantity of gold into a thousand sovereigns a few days later, which proved almost as interesting as the getting of it.

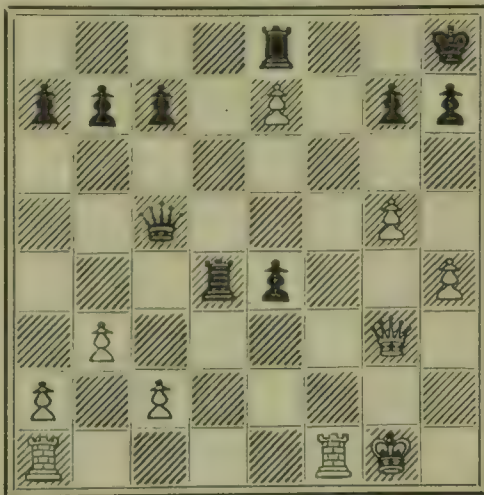
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CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

GAME PROBLEM No. XIX.

Here is another Scotch ending, taken from Mr. Carrick Wardhaugh's splendid column in the *Glasgow Herald*. The winner, Mr. O. Moller, was an octogenarian, when the deed was done, and none of our readers under that age can be excused from sending correct solutions. Three moves on each side will suffice.

BLACK (10 pieces).



WHITE (10 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 4r2k; ppp1Prpp; 8; 2q3Pr; 3p2P; 1P4Qr; PrP5; R4RKt.]
White to play, and win.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4041. (A. J. FENNER.)

[1bR4B; 2sSp3; 5P2; r2P4; 1ppk1Pir; p1SP2Q1; b7; 2KR4—mate in two.]

Keymove: PB5; threat QK5 mate.

If 1. — KxKt, 2. PK4; if 1. — PxBP, 2. BxP; if 1. — PxQP, 2. QxP; if 1. — RxP, 2. KtK2; if 1. — RK5, 2. PxR; if 1. — RB5, 2. PxKP; and if 1. — Kt moves, 2. PxBP. A diverting and cleverly constructed problem, which has given our readers great pleasure. The "let-through" key is not difficult to find, but some of the mates are quite surprising, and the pawn-play most ingenious.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4039 received from J S Almeida (Bombay); of Problem No. 4040 from Geo. Parbury (Singapore) and J S Almeida (Bombay); of Problem No. 4041 from Senex (Darwen); of Problem No. 4042 from Senex (Darwen), Antonio Ferreira (Porto), and F N (Vigo); of Problem No. 4043 from L W Caferata (Newark).

CORRECT SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM No. XVI. received from John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), Victor Holtan (Oshkosh), Cyrus F Fernald (Newburgh, N.Y.), Charles Willing (Philadelphia, Pa.), and M Heath (London); of Game Problem No. XVIII. from W H Winter (Alton), L W Caferata (Newark), R S (Melrose), and J Barry Brown (Naas).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF THE "FIVE ACES" received from C Chapman (Modderfontein); of Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5 from J W Smedley (Brooklyn); and of Nos. 3 and 5 from William Yule (St. Louis).

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.—(Continued from p. 330.)

first direct challenge to the cars which experience has taught us are the only practical type for European conditions of touring.

One of these progressive makes is the Graham-Paige, the new eight-cylinder model of which I had out on trial a short time ago. Its gear-box, which is called the "Twin Top," differs from the orthodox pattern in having a third speed with an internal gear, which is always in mesh, brought into action by a sliding dog. This third speed is geared very high—5.19 to 1; while top, which is the ordinary direct drive, is 3.6 to 1. Third is almost inaudible, even at sixty miles an hour, its engagement and disengagement being so swiftly and easily accomplished that you find yourself using it most of the time where there is any traffic. Acceleration on this gear is remarkably good, as may be imagined, but I think the feature which appealed most to me was the delightful, unfussed running on top. I had never before driven any American car at any speed with its engine running really comfortably. You can put up very high average speeds with this car, and yet, when you are going fast, be driving an engine which is purring instead of roaring.

Its Good Suspension.

The other point I liked about the Graham-Paige is the suspension. This can honestly be described as luxurious. It has not quite the action to which we are accustomed here, having a steady, boat-like rise and fall over bad surface, but it is comfortable in the extreme and particularly confidence-giving at high speeds and round bends. The engine is a 36-h.p., stated to give 124-h.p., with a bore and stroke of 86 by 114, and a capacity of 5½ litres. It is a workmanlike job, with no feature noticeably different from accepted practice. The seven-seated saloon is a roomy carriage, sensibly designed, well built, and comfortably upholstered. Its equipment is very generous, and the detail work is admirably carried out. The price is £875.

JOHN PRIOLEAU.

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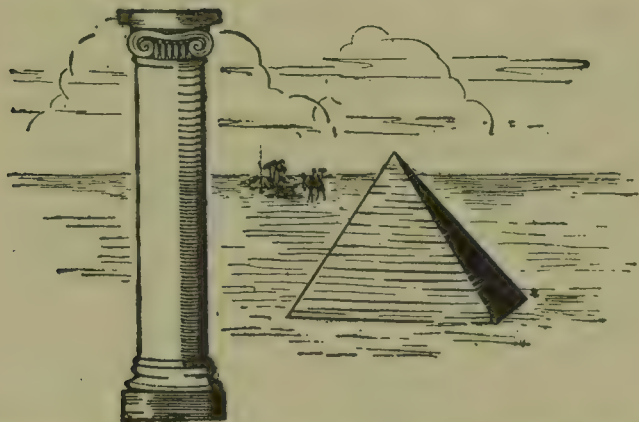
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MARINE CARAVANNING.—XX.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPTON.

AS a boat-owner interested in the efforts made by builders to increase their sales and thus make price reductions possible, I visited the British Industries Fair which opened at the White City on the 18th. I expected boat-building, Britain's "mother industry," to be well represented at such a family affair; but I was disappointed, for there is only one firm showing a motor-cruiser, and two which exhibit outboard boats. It is true there will be a show at Olympia in September in which motor craft may be exhibited, but spasmodic efforts of this kind are of

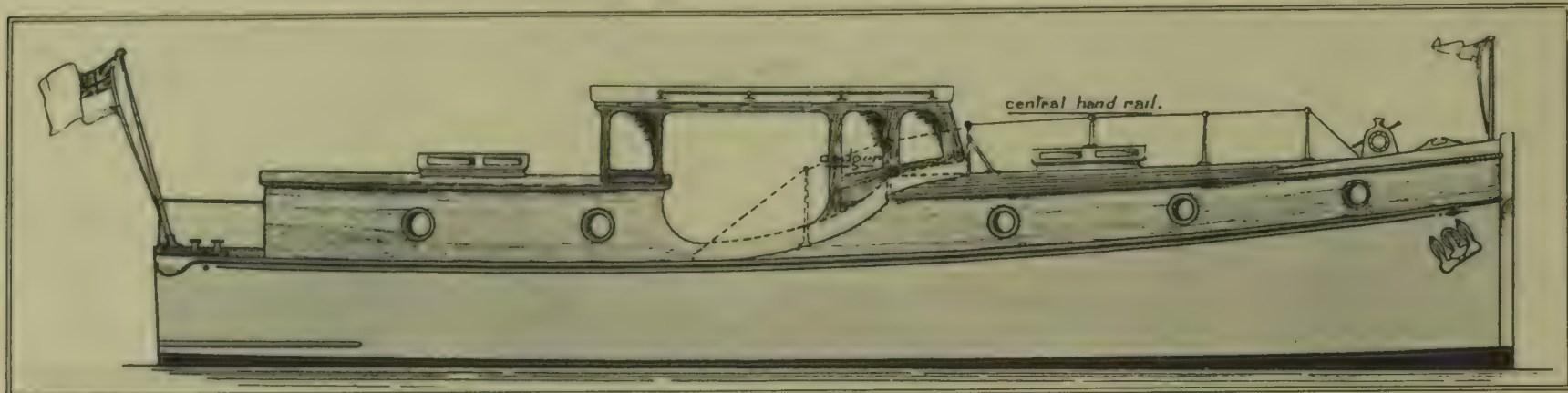
little use. It is sustained interest that is required, and every opportunity should be taken to show the public the superiority of holidays afloat over those on shore. The trade is responsible to the community in this matter, and should employ the same propaganda methods, as a whole, as would be used by an individual company.

The cruiser exhibited is 30 ft. by 8 ft. beam, and is designed and built by Mr. R. C. J. Hervey, of Isleworth. She has many unusual features for a vessel of her size, though her hull, with its 1-in. mahogany planking over main frames of oak, follows usual practice. Her novelties lie in the accommodation, which comprises a small cable locker forward with a

hawse-pipe and stockless anchor above, instead of the usual old-fashioned type. Next to the cable locker is the cooking galley, complete with sink, draining-board, lockers, and that favourite of mine, a dissolved-acetylene stove, which is supplied with gas from cylinders fitted in the cockpit.

The galley opens directly into a saloon nearly 9 ft. long, which at first sight is furnished with two double-leaf tables, four easy chairs, and two sideboards with lockers underneath. When required, however, the tables can be folded on to the side panelling, which, when pulled out, discloses two bunks complete with mattresses. It is a most ingenious arrangement, and the first successful attempt I have seen in a

double-berth sleeping cabin nearly 9 ft. long, and extending the full width of the vessel. The furnishing of this cabin is very complete, for, apart from two chests of drawers, there are a full-length wardrobe, a wash-basin, and a dressing-table, with two corner cupboards behind which the main fuel-tank is fitted. The mattresses supplied are a delight to lie on, for they are of the air-filled type, made by the Self-Controlled Air Cushion Company, and they fill a double purpose, in that they will support two people in the water as life-savers. Finally, Mr. Hervey has adopted an old recommendation of mine in fitting rubber matting on the floors throughout the ship. I understand it was specially laid by Messrs. Spencer Moulton, who supplied it.



A HERVEY THIRTY-FOOT MOTOR-CRUISER SIMILAR TO AN EXHIBIT IN THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR AT THE WHITE CITY.

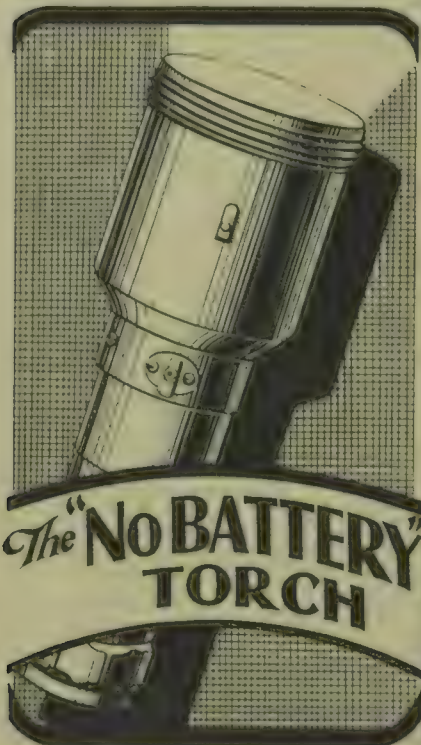
This drawing shows a Hervey thirty-foot motor-cruiser, with a 10-15-h.p. Ailsa Craig Kid engine, complete with reducing and reverse gear and electric starting. A similar boat, but without the wheel-house, is on show till March 1 in the British Industries Fair at the White City.

30-ft. boat to supply living and sleeping accommodation for two additional passengers. The cockpit is next to the saloon, but has its deck at a higher level, in order to accommodate below it the 10-15-h.p. Ailsa Craig Kid engine, complete with reducing and reverse gear and electric starting. The deck thus protects the engine, though this model is so weather-proof and reliable that it hardly needs it. Fresh-water tanks holding 20 gallons are fitted each side of the cockpit, with the steering-wheel and engine controls on the port side.

Abaft the cockpit on the port side is a toilet-room in which it is possible to take a stand-up bath. The whole of the remaining space is taken up by a large

Pending a sea trial, my only criticism of this boat is her lack of a wheel-house over the cockpit as a standard fitting, and 2 in. additional head-room. The former I understand can be supplied as an extra on the lines shown, and the latter to owners' requirements. In all other respects I like her immensely, from the Harold Heydon varnished topsides to her heavy iron keel.

The outboard boats shown are built by Percy See, of Fareham, who is so well known as a builder of fast boats, and the British Power Boat Company, who designed and built *Miss England* for Major Segrave. As the products of these firms require considerable space to do them justice, I will deal with them in a later article.



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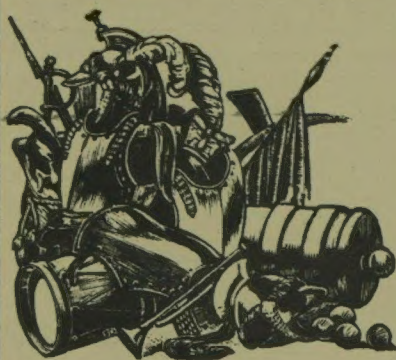
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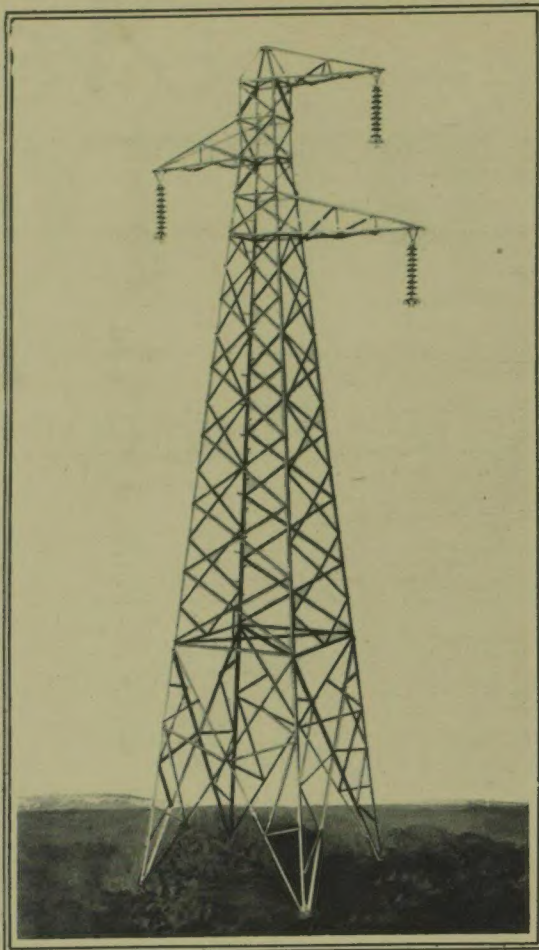
BY PROTONIUS.

FIFTY years ago the electric incandescent lamp dawned upon the world and gave birth to a new industry, first known under the title of electric light, and later of "electricity supply" or "electric power supply." In those pioneering days the plant making current for electric light could be accommodated in a cellar, and supply was confined to the building in which the plant was placed. Step by step the scale of operations grew. Supply was extended from house to house; then powers were sought to distribute electricity over an entire parish. As the demand grew and electrical engineering progressed, electric light stations became larger and extended their networks of mains over whole towns, and eventually over entire cities.

A big leap forward was taken when engineers succeeded in transmitting electricity cheaply over many miles in high-pressure cables. The first experiment of this kind was made between Deptford and London, with a cable which had to be designed and made by the supply company itself as a daring experiment. Parts of this epoch-making cable are still in operation.

With this advance, electrical engineers began to think in counties instead of in towns. They planned "power schemes" covering hundreds of square miles and producing current wholesale—or "in bulk," as the phrase goes—for supply to distributing authorities, railway companies, collieries, factories, and other large users of power. Naturally enough, they met with strenuous opposition from the existing electricity supply undertakings, and for years there waged a Parliamentary battle which ended in a compromise which enabled a certain amount of big-scale development to take place.

Off and on between 1906 and 1926 the battle was renewed in one field or another without achieving a lasting peace. The public barely understood what it was all about, but they were aware that the industry had grown up in a rather haphazard fashion, that things were being done on too small a scale, that



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there was a lack of co-operation between neighbouring supply undertakings, and that the confusion of systems and pressures was a nuisance. The need of reform was apparent, even though the price of electricity to the public was, on the whole, no higher after the war than before—an unusual phenomenon! Supply was not so abundant as it ought to be, nor so cheap as it might be; and the existing system was badly fitted for the developments likely to take place ten, fifteen, or twenty years later. Eventually, after a fierce ordeal of discussion, there emerged a plan for putting the whole business of supplying electricity wholesale in the hands of a "Central Electricity Board."

What this plan really means is that in future the electricity supply business will be considered on a national basis. Whereas in the 'eighties a single building was the unit, to-day the whole country is the unit. Every station where electricity is generated is to take its place in a single, comprehensive scheme.

It is, when desirable, to be linked up with its neighbours by trunk mains, and the network of such mains will, with extensions in various directions, form a "grid" from which towns, villages, railways, collieries, factories, and other users of electricity will be able to draw cheap electricity. The actual distribution of electricity to individual consumers could remain, as before, in the hands of local concerns. But the bigger side of the business—the making of electricity in huge quantities and its wholesale transmission—comes under the broad wings of the Central Electricity Board.

This development is not only an achievement in statesmanship, it is a triumph of engineering, and largely of British engineering. The steam turbines and high-pressure electric mains which make supply on the grand scale possible are British products. Their use on the new uniform and standardised system should lead to electricity becoming available in all parts of the country and at the most favourable price. In another decade or so the country will appreciate better than it does to-day, the reform now embodied in the slowly extending ramifications of the "grid."

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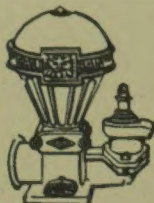
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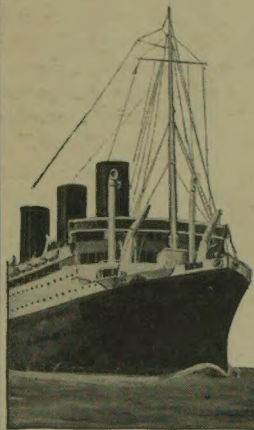
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